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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Asquith is as good an advocate in the House as in the Courts. To a hearer not deep in Parliamentary lore his speech on the massacre of the innocents would not even suggest that he had had a bad session. A certain number of Bills, of course, must be dropped; that is an incident of every session: others, such as the Housing Bill and the Irish Land Purchase Bill, are to be re-introduced next year in their present advanced form; and other important measures—the Children's Bill, the Prevention of Crimes Bill, the Scotch Education Bill, and the Irish Housing Bill—will become law this session. All very normal and fair-seeming; but the plain fact remains that the Government have not passed a single first-class measure this session. Last year they did pass one—the Territorial Army Bill.

This barren result was got by closure unequalled and a session prolonged till Christmas. The Government cannot have it either way. They have not spared the House, yet their Bills have been spoiled. The session, in fact, as Mr. Balfour truly said, has made but one lasting mark on Parliament and country. Making the guillotine an ordinary, instead of an extraordinary, parliamentary procedure is an important record. It finally puts the House under the heel of the Executive. Mr. Asquith's use of this weapon forces the House to discuss only as long as the Government likes and precisely what it likes. Mr. Asquith can no doubt put the thin end of the wedge in reply to Mr. Balfour, for Mr. Balfour and his colleagues introduced closure by compartments. But the difference between Mr. Balfour's use of it and Mr. Asquith's is more than one of degree. Of course the country cares little about the curtailment of members'

privileges, so long as the Government get their business done. But wholesale curtailment and business not done is too much even for a careless electorate.

Next week the second reading of the Port of London Bill will be taken by the House of Lords. Lord Lansdowne, speaking of the short time left before the prorogation for discussing Bills sent to the Lords, very naturally appeared to suggest certain consequences that might follow. Amongst them we hope he was not contemplating any accident to or serious dealings with the Port of London Bill. This is an important measure, on which there is very general agreement on the main provisions, though in some respects it is not just what might be desired. Not the least of its merits is that it runs much on the lines of the Bill introduced by the Unionist Government.

The Education Bill was decently interred on Monday, Mr. Asquith pronouncing the funeral oration. The tear he dropped may very well have been quite genuine—perhaps one of the least unreal, we might say hypocritical, things about the whole story—for politically it was urgently important to the Government to get the Bill through. They would then have had something to show the Passive Resisters—their days of passive resisting would have been over. Now they are as badly off after three sessions of Liberal beneficence as they were under Mr. Balfour's tyranny. This is their reward for giving the Liberals an over two hundred majority. Apart from Ministers nobody really cared. There must of course be decent solemnity about a funeral; but the deceased was no one's darling, and would have had but a brief and stormy life had it survived. Mr. Asquith charges the Representative Church Council with giving the coup de grâce to the Bill. We should say the charge was very likely true. The Church Council will not take it very much to heart.

The Bill's backers are now comforting themselves with the assurance that the Churchmen who condemned it do not represent the Church. Well, if the Church Council does not, if the National Society does not, if the

Church Defence Committee does not, if diocesan conferences do not, if ruridecanal conferences do not, who do represent the Church? A better "flattering unction" would be to say that the Bishops are the only Churchmen capable of judging on such a matter. That at any rate is not a plainly absurd excuse. Anyway, this red herring across a real settlement of the education question is now out of the way. Pan-denominationalism is made easier. No Radical Government can now object on principle to right of entry, and they have admitted the right to compensation for Church-school buildings. Mr. Balfour's task in next Parliament is lightened. Was the Archbishop, after all, playing a brilliant diplomatic game?

The Government profess the intention of taking steps next session to alter the form of the Sovereign's declaration to his first Parliament. All but a few cranks are agreed that certain gross and really profane allusions to Roman Catholic doctrine ought to be dropped. As it stands, the declaration is almost grotesque. There is no question of doing away with the declaration altogether, and it ought to be possible to hit upon a form that would not wound the consciences of any group of his Majesty's subjects. By the way, is the Government's complacency in this matter a set-off against the offence given by their blunder about the Eucharistic procession?

Mr. Birrell's Land Purchase Bill was read a second time on Wednesday, Mr. Wyndham's amendment being defeated by 233 votes to 62. But though the Bill is to be carried over to next session, it has already been so badly mauled that its chances of serious consideration in 1909 are very slender. Mr. Redmond blesses it, of course, but Mr. Redmond's view is as stoutly opposed by Mr. O'Brien as Mr. Birrell's by Mr. Wyndham. It is at least extremely doubtful if this elaborate scheme would do anything to advance land purchase whilst it would certainly be a costly experiment to the British taxpayer. It is delicious to find a branch of the United Irish League declaring the Bill to be "a triumph for the policy of cattle-driving", "The Land Bill was just what the cattle-drivers had fought for". Mr. Birrell indeed admitted as much when he said that you have to choose between the cattle and the people.

The weight of the economic argument is against the Eight Hours Bill for Coal Mines. Trade is not so flourishing that the supply of the raw material of numberless manufactures can be artificially restricted without ill-consequences. The opponents of the measure may exaggerate, but the supporters of it have nothing more to offer than optimistic assertions that output will not be reduced, and that prices will not rise permanently. They admit they will at first. The miners, of course, intend to lose nothing on wages and we shall see labour troubles in consequence. Mr. Brace threatened strikes if the miners did not get the Bill. The Bill will invite them, because it introduces a fresh cause of quarrel into the wages question.

Miners were loud against the coal duty; but they are light-hearted about what will affect their industry more. The Bill is not proposed as lessening accidents or making the conditions of work better, except in so far as it shortens hours. "Two more hours in God's fresh air." Very good indeed; but more fresh air and sun with most of us means less wages. The miner's case is not stronger than others. His health is as good. It is only his danger from catastrophes that distinguishes him. If economic considerations are to be lightly treated, it is just as desirable to extend the eight hours working law to all other classes of workers as to miners. This will perhaps follow. The miners are politically well organised; but there are others also who will bring political power to bear as the miners are doing. Will then the sweated and unorganised inferior trades, whose hours and conditions are worse, alone be left unprotected?

As might be expected after the decision of Osborne v. The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, trade unionists who are dissatisfied with the political levies

will very likely do their best to recover what they have paid. The Welsh Conservative working men are the first in the field, and a test action is to be brought against the Welsh Miners' Federation. If it is successful, the Federation will have to disburse some £8,000. There are five Welsh labour men in Parliament, amongst them being Mr. Abraham, known better as Mabon, and Mr. Keir Hardie. If the Welshmen win, English dissentients will without doubt give the Federation the same trouble, so that its funds are likely to suffer severely.

This is not quite the same question as whether the trade unions have a right to make the levies. The Osborne case decided they have not; but it does not follow that a payment made by mistake can be recovered. The Osborne case might be upheld and yet the levies not be recoverable; and if it is reversed the attempt to get them back would fail. The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants have decided to appeal on their case: so in all likelihood at some stage or other of the Welsh case we shall see it hung up to wait for the result in the Lords.

As the legal decision is to be waited for, the point as to legislation for making political levies legal will stand over. If the decision is upheld, the question will arise whether a Bill should be promoted by the trade unions to undo its effect, as was done on a similar occasion by the Trades Dispute Bill. This policy is very doubtful, and we notice that Mr. Frederic Harrison, who has for many years been a trusted adviser of trade unionism, is strongly opposed to it. His opinion is that it would weaken trade unionism; and this is exactly the opinion we expressed last week.

There are two points about the Liberal Women's meeting at the Albert Hall. If Mr. Lloyd George had no more to say about the intentions of the Government as to women's votes, why did the Liberal Women invite him, and why did he promise to attend? It was tempting providence and inviting the attacks of the Termagants, who have declared war on all Cabinet Ministers until the Government as Government have declared their intention of bringing in a Women's Franchise Bill. What he said was a long way off this. The Liberal women accept the position, but the intransigentes do not. Mr. Lloyd George should not have been asked to the meeting if the Liberal Women did not want a row. They delivered him and themselves gratuitously into the hands of the Philistines. A side issue of the women's suffrage question has been disposed of by the House of Lords decision against the Scottish women graduates.

Why have not the Scottish Liberals a room in the House of Commons as well as the Welsh Liberals? There is nothing *prima facie* funny about this—to an outsider. To the member it abounds in humour. Mr. Robert Harcourt asks Mr. Lewis Harcourt the question, and speaks of him as the "Right Honourable Gentleman". Everybody laughs, and every time louder than before, for Mr. Robert is Mr. Lewis' brother. Mr. Robert next enquires if it is want of cubic space. Again everybody laughs; and laughs more when Mr. Lewis replies "There is not even a cupboard". The outsider glimpses the primitive joke when he understands that Mr. Wason, the chairman of the Scottish members, is "one of the largest size". Mr. Robert then suggests that the Welsh are favoured "on account of Mr. Lewis' hereditary connexion with the Celtic fringe". The member explains with a chuckle that the father of the two combatants after losing an English constituency was elected for Monmouth. The answering coruscation is that Mr. Lewis must have "family notice" of any further questioning. The House roars. One thinks of the person who was a wit amongst lawyers, and a lawyer amongst wits.

A seemingly innocent and certainly belated question put by Mr. Fell to the Under-Secretary for the Colonies on Wednesday had a double effect: it secured a first-rate advertisement for Mr. Churchill's new book and it threw a curious light on the workings of the Cabinet system. Mr. Fell, twelve months after date, was

anxious to know the object of Mr. Churchill's African tour. Colonel Seely enlightened him. It was to make himself acquainted with the protectorate and acquire knowledge that would be of service to his Majesty's Government in dealing with East African questions. Having acquired that knowledge, almost the first thing the Government did was to remove Mr. Churchill from the office where it might have been of use. The public which financed the trip is officially recommended to buy the inevitable book. At least for our money we might have got the book gratis.

Expectancy, seasoned by outrage, best describes Indian affairs just now. Both sides are awaiting Lord Morley's "Reforms". The Congress party has split up into Moderates and Extremists, who are to hold rival meetings, each being representative of a united India. The explosion in the Government cartridge factory at Dum Dum has occurred at a peculiar moment. Was it mere accident? Another outrage on an English woman is evidence of failing prestige—which is to be restored by statute. The Viceregal Council have passed a Summary Justice Bill. How long will Mr. Asquith permit his followers to foment sedition in and out of Parliament, leaving the rebuke to a private member?

Really it is not easy to read a Roosevelt Message to Congress without using a bad word. Pious sentiments, admirable doctrines; one nods approvingly, hurrying on from the platitudes to get to the business. But one only gets to more platitudes and more unexceptionable maxims, until at the end of a myriad words temper is lost altogether. Not that there is nothing at all beneath all this verbiage: there is something at times, and at times something good. But why not let us get straight at it? It is a strange style for the hard head of a business community. Look at Mr. Roosevelt's dicta about the Courts. He insists on the beauty of respect for the law and deplores defects in the Courts which lessen that respect. But he does not put his finger on the real spot: the election of judges. It may be that Mr. Roosevelt purposely adopts the style of the popular preacher, gauging well the American appetite for flap-doodle. If so, he must not complain if foreigners do not admire his Messages.

There have been instructive debates on the Near Eastern crisis during the week in the Reichstag and the Italian Chamber. All the leading authorities in Italy on foreign affairs took part in the debate, and the speeches contained every sign of chagrin and bitterness. In fact there is no doubt that most Italians find the Triple Alliance to-day a burden rather than a safeguard, though a safeguard it is in reality against excessive expenditure on armaments. It is clear enough that, were the compact dissolved, Italy would find herself marching with a neighbour infinitely stronger and better armed and always suspicious of her movements. There is a strong feeling that Italy has been relegated to the background in recent arrangements, which is no doubt true, but it is solely because she cannot stand alone.

The debate in the Reichstag followed a very different line, and was distinguished by a speech of the Chancellor in his best style. Prince Bülow is never in better form than when he is speaking as the mildly cynical man of the world whose experience of affairs is at the disposal of everyone who desires to profit by it. The remark that Germany had no designs upon Turkish territory because of her geographical position, not because she is satiated or extra moral, was in his best vein, and was a sly hit at his own countrymen, who are always parading the disinterestedness of Germany. He is, however, prepared to back Austria through thick and thin, but would much prefer no fighting for the sake of German interests. His references to this country were quite friendly, and he expressly associated himself with Sir Edward Grey's attitude of sceptical friendliness towards the proposal for a Conference, now more than ever problematic.

As for the general situation in the Near East, it is as difficult as ever to form a clear judgment on the out-

come. At one moment it seems as if Turkey and Austria would square their own accounts, at another as if any satisfactory negotiation were hopeless. An agreement between the two would be by far the best settlement of the business, for then nobody else would have any fair ground of complaint. The agreement that Turkish suzerainty in Bosnia-Herzegovina should remain unimpaired was made between Turkey and Austria-Hungary, and if Turkey waives her rights no one can do anything but acquiesce. The boycott of Austrian goods is proving more than embarrassing to Austrian commerce, and now it appears as if Italy were about to follow suit. A small indemnity would be a sensible settlement, and much cheaper than a boycott or a war. Meanwhile Austria is very reasonably preparing for all eventualities on her south-eastern frontier, and is quite ready for hostilities if they are forced on her.

There can be no doubt that popular sympathy will go out to the able French sailor who has been deprived of his command by the journalistic Premier of France for yielding to the temptation to tell a newspaper the plain truth about the French navy. Financial limitations which the French Chamber imposes, and spectacular effects with what St. Vincent would have called frippery and gimcracks, have well-nigh ruined the French navy. At one time the torpedo-boat, operating from points d'appui created at great cost, was the ideal of the French press and successive Ministers of Marine. Certain Admirals appear to have had no other ideal than to float these schemes and boom them as though they were company promoters. Then the cycle was turned back to the commerce-destroyers of Napoleon's time, a dozen plausible reasons being found for assuming that what was a failure under sail would succeed under steam. Finally came the ruinous submarine-boat craze.

The coming of Admiral Germinet was the return of sanity. Like Lord Cawdor in his excellent speech at the Royal United Service Institution, he brushed aside all the fads, declared that battleships won battles and must have as adjuncts due complements of small cruisers as scouts and destroyers to act beyond the cruisers, while behind all were perfectly equipped fortified dockyards with adequate supplies for replenishing the ships. All the rest is frippery and gimcrack. The "Dreadnought", with only slow-firing heavy guns, he condemned, declaring that the battleship should have both the heaviest gun and a quicker-firing gun; and it is noteworthy that his views, which had been embodied in the "Lord Nelson" class, are now practically adopted by Germany, Japan, and France. Even England, who in an evil moment built the "Dreadnought", is apparently about to put six-inch guns once again into her latest battleships. This fact, if fact it be, taken in conjunction with the general praise of the "Lord Nelson" class at Lord Cawdor's meeting to the prejudice of the "Dreadnought", will strengthen the demand for inquiry into our system of administration.

The one country which has refused to indulge in spectacular effects, and has always performed more than its Administration has promised, has this week been discussing the 1909 estimates in the German Parliament. The immense strides Germany is making under the encouragement given her by the disarmament policy of our Liberal party is best shown by the fact that not only have her last three programmes exceeded the three Liberal programmes by two large armoured ships, or an excess of tonnage of about 26,000 tons, and by twelve large destroyers, but her total provision for new construction, armaments, and repairs—that is, the whole of the material of the fleet—exceeds the British Navy estimate of 1909.

Yet the Liberal party's egregious Reduction of Armaments Committee are demanding fresh reductions. The fact we have just stated does not reveal its full significance. We have to appreciate how much of the British expenditure on material necessarily goes in maintaining an older plant. A navy is like any other business, and a newly established navy has a great advantage over an old

one in getting a pound value for every pound of expenditure. As Sir William White has shown, however, the Admiralty has been trying to trick the public by counting the older ships, and yet refusing to face the expense of maintaining them.

It is to be hoped that the decision of the President of the Divorce Court in the Hindu marriage suit is not one of those hard cases which make bad law. A Hindu of high caste who marries an Englishwoman here knowing that the ceremony is invalid in his own country would be more lucky than he deserves to be if he could evade all obligations under it. One may argue that a woman who runs the risk is not entitled to much sympathy; but the English law has always allowed a large margin for woman's ignorance and weakness and her frequent inclination to welcome rogues gladly. The English law cannot give up its championship when Englishwomen are exposed to so many new dangers from the plausible Indians who now come over and fill in their time with amorous adventures. They apparently enlarge the limited matrimonial chances of many Englishwomen; and it would be too hard on these ladies if they were to be neither thrice-born Brahmanesses nor ordinary English wives. It is a disadvantage not to be able to prosecute their half-husbands for bigamy if they marry their full complement of three or four other wives in India. But Sir Gorel Barnes has done all he can for them.

After many years of grumbling and hugger-mugger the building of four new Courts has begun on the north side of the open space running from the Bankruptcy Court to the Strand. The encroachment of buildings on so pleasant a piece of ground is regrettable, but the work is necessary. The Royal Courts are hardly so without the chief Criminal Court of the country being included; but that project is too late since the new Central Criminal Court is built, though it was proposed when the Law Courts were designed. There might have been also a centralising of all the Sessions Courts of London in the new Old Bailey; but that too was mismanaged; though there might still be one great common Criminal Court absorbing the whole of the Sessions. The latest plan, which is a pis aller, is to build a new court for all the London Sessions, at a cost of £80,000, on land to be leased from the Foundling Hospital and to be in its neighbourhood. This would at least give a decent building, and fairly convenient too, in place of the present shabby shanties.

Without profanity, we shall probably all of us be weary of Milton, at any rate of his name, before the tercentenary celebrations are over. Suppose any unfortunate man heard every oration and read every article about Milton during the whole celebration, what would be the certain effect? Why, that he would never again read a line Milton wrote. However, no one need go to all or hear all. And one or two tercentenary entertainments selected with care are quite tolerable, and may be pleasant. It was interesting to see the original score of the "Comus" music on Tuesday in Burlington Gardens. But Sir Frederick Bridge should really try to be a little more dignified. Milton was not a comic poet. And after the performance could not the struggle for hats and coats be mitigated? It really rouses again all the passion supposed to be spent.

Hamlet wrote the famous play of the "Mousetrap" to catch the conscience of the King. Free-traders have engaged someone to write the sketch "Tried and True" to catch—shall we say the intellect of the electors? and convert them to free trade. It was performed for the first time at the Westminster Palace Hotel on Tuesday, and the "Westminster Gazette" had nearly a column about it. The writer speaks of it as "vastly different from anything we have been accustomed to hitherto". He may not have heard of "Britannia, Awake", the Tariff Reform sketch which has been playing for some time now at political meetings. The idea of a tariff play is ingeniously silly; but the credit of it, whatever there may be, should be given to the inventor and not to the imitator of the design.

## THE BALKANS AND THE TRIPLICE.

THE political conditions in the Near East vary from day to day, and there is no temptation to play the part of prophet in so uncertain a situation; still we shall not hesitate to say we doubt the probability of war. In the pithy words of Prince Bülow: "Those who perhaps might be disposed to disturb the peace are too weak, and those who could disturb it have no reason to desire its disturbance". The real danger lies in the possibility of the small Slav States striking for themselves, hoping that in their extremity Russia might come to their rescue. But the official utterances of Russian authorities give no encouragement to the hotheads of Serbia and Montenegro. The Crown Prince of Serbia is, it is true, doing his best to drive things to a crisis. His last move in getting up a petition signed by nine hundred officers calling upon King Peter to remove the regicides or abdicate, and to substitute a War Ministry for the present Cabinet, may be justified on domestic grounds, but is frantic folly from the European point of view. At present we would all rather see even Peter remain King in spite of his past than have his son put in his place with a future of turmoil and bloodshed.

The best guarantee of peace is to be found in the fact that Austria alone among the Great Powers is really ready to fight. Everyone knows that Russia is by no means as well prepared, and Italy by the mouths of her leading statesmen has confessed that she is in a condition of humiliating impotence. Germany is also ready to strike if necessary on behalf of her ally. Therefore the would-be disturbers of the peace are clearly in so inferior a position that this alone makes the preservation of peace probable.

But the next week must clearly be an anxious time, for no one can foresee the outcome of the assembling of the Turkish Parliament. It is not difficult to anticipate the comic side of its discussions, but they may well give rise to difficulties which may prove almost insoluble unless a restraint be exercised which it is unwise to count upon. The feeling against Austria is evidently very strong in Turkey from the pronounced spread of the boycott and the complete inability of the Government in any way to control it. There are fortunately not wanting signs that negotiations between Austria and Turkey may be resumed, and that Turkey may be pacified by some money payment which Austria could make without any loss of prestige. After all, it is not easy to see why, for the sake of peace, Austria should not consent to discuss with Turkey the question of annexation and what compensation, if any, be due to the Porte. It must be remembered that it was to Turkey and not to Europe that Austria made the promise that the Sultan's sovereignty in Bosnia and Herzegovina should be maintained. This was by the Treaty of 1879, and there may therefore be good grounds for Austria negotiating with Turkey as to the annexation while she might decline to submit it to a European Congress. There is no other Power that would not rejoice to see Turkey and Austria-Hungary composing their differences on their own terms, and of this there now seems to be a fair chance. It is incredible that Turkey should ally herself with Serbia and Montenegro in order to have her revenge for what is in truth merely a technical violation of an agreement thirty years old. The immediate results would be the disappearance of Serbia and Montenegro from the map and the occupation of Salonica by Austria, followed by the collapse of the new régime in Turkey. Germany undoubtedly intends to stand by her ally, though very reluctant to offend Turkey. It is so clearly to Austria's interest, both political and commercial, to make reasonable terms with Turkey that we believe there is truth in the suggestion that Germany is advising her to that effect. If Turkey were satisfied, Austria could accept a European Congress with good-humoured acquiescence, and the situation might rapidly be put outside any fear of an armed struggle. It is quite certain that commercial and industrial circles in the Dual Monarchy would welcome an end to the boycott.

In contrast to rumours and predictions, we have had some light thrown on the international situation by the debates in the Italian Chamber and in the Reichstag. We

cannot say that the sentiment exhibited by Italy towards her ally will be likely to lead Austria-Hungary to lend a more favourable ear to the proposals for a Conference, for while Germany promised to stand by her, the Italian Premier distinctly stated that in any Conference Italy intended to preserve complete freedom of action. "Call you this backing of your friends?" But in fact the whole tone of the debate was as hostile to Austria as anything that has been said even in British newspapers. The prevailing note throughout was not only distrust of Austria but exasperation at the impotence of Italy to act for herself and withstand Austrian action. Baron Sonnino's speech will perhaps carry most weight abroad, for it was more moderate in tone and owed less to rhetoric than the excited utterances of Signor Fortis. He held that the Foreign Minister was showing an "uncalled-for subservience" to Italy's ally, and had been twice outwitted by the more astute Austrians. But he also said, and rightly, that to talk of war as an alternative was absurd. The retention of Spizza was one of the chief causes of Signor Fortis' indictment against Signor Tittoni, who has certainly not secured any "compensations" for Italy. But does any sane Italian believe that Italy is to receive the Trentino as an equivalent for Austria's action, and is it reasonable to ask her to hand over Spizza to Montenegro, considering the very uncertain temper of that principality? Both Signors Giolitti and Tittoni made the best defence of their policy that they could, for what could they have done in the circumstances other than what they did? Their justification is to be found in the facts. Italy is not strong enough to take her own line; this is admitted by the assailants of the Ministry. She must therefore be contented to follow in the wake of the stronger.

It may well be that Italian opinion resents this attitude, but it is the truth, however unpalatable, and the only alternative is to induce the Italian people to spend more money on ships and armaments generally until they feel able to take their own course regardless of the consequences. We greatly doubt if such a policy would be really popular in the peninsula. Italian finances have almost recovered from the disastrous strain put upon them by Crispi's ambitious policy, but taxation is still very heavy, and railways and many other domestic objects for the expenditure of revenue can be found far more likely to prove fruitful than a flamboyant foreign policy. Italians profess to repudiate a policy of adventure, but any other line than one of reasonable independence and non-aggression would be fatal. Any idea of expansion in Albania or Tripoli would be both futile and unpopular, probably fatal to the dynasty in the not improbable case of disaster. The Triplice may be unpopular in Italy, but at all events it gives her the strong arms of her allies in emergency. Any attempt to break away would mean an enormously increased expenditure, with Austria as a suspicious and hostile neighbour.

The cheery, half-contemptuous tone of Prince Bülow put matters in the right light. Germany would have preferred things to remain as they were. She wants to sell her goods to Turkey and the Balkan States. She will seize nothing from Turkey, not because she is moral or satiated, but "because her geographical position gives her no occasion". She will back Austria if necessary, but does not believe Russia and England are plotting anything. As to the Conference, she is indifferent, and the Chancellor feels, with Sir Edward Grey, that it may prove either a stimulant or a sedative.

It is a pity we cannot borrow some of this half-cynical optimism. Instead of suspecting plots we might do well to recognise accomplished facts. No doubt the action of Austria would have aroused little feeling here if we had not believed that German designs lay behind it, for our own relations with Austria-Hungary have always been excellent. The outcome of a Conference is so problematical, as is acknowledged by its promoters, that a system of private arrangements ratified by a gathering of diplomatists rather than a formal Congress seems by far the safer way out, as we have all along maintained.

#### MR. ROOSEVELT'S GOOD-BYE.

UPON a huge Mississippi of verbiage Mr. Roosevelt floats noisily out of office. We do not suppose that anyone in this country has read the whole of the Presidential Message to Congress, which we are told consists of twenty thousand words, and from which even the "Times" only gives us extracts. "Furibund morality" is the label which a New York evening newspaper disrespectfully affixes to this weary waste of words, though not having an American dictionary by us we can only guess at the meaning of the adjective. In wading through the "extracts"—quite a morning's work—two things strike us, as mere effete Britishers: first, that we have heard all this before; and secondly, that all the social, moral, and legal reforms, which the ex-President recommends the Federal Legislature to adopt, have been copied from the practice established in Great Britain for the last half-century. For instance, as regards the railways, Mr. Roosevelt demands their subjection, in the matter of rates and issues of capital, to the Federal Government acting through the Inter-State Commerce Commission. The railways of the United Kingdom are, and always have been, entirely under the control of Parliament, and the Railway Commissioners, a tribunal appointed by the Government to decide upon questions of rates. If an English, Scotch, or Irish railway wants to issue debentures or additional share capital, it must get a Bill passed into an Act by both Houses of Parliament, and to run the gauntlet of two Private Bill Committees is, as those who have done it will know, anything but a joke. Two railway companies cannot make an agreement for pooling profits, or fixing common rates, or running over one another's rails, without submitting the whole business to the Railway Commission, before whom any objector, whether a shareholder or a shipper, can appear. Mr. Roosevelt is only urging the American nation to put their railway companies under the same control as we have done since 1840. Will his countrymen take the outgoing President's advice? We doubt it, because it is obvious that any such system of checks would put an end to the Wall Street operations of Mr. Harriman; and every employee on every road in the United States, from the auditor through the ticket-puncher down to the coloured conductor, hopes and believes that one day he, too, will be a Harriman. All these sudden and secret issues of bonds, previously syndicated among the friends of the president of the road, would become impossible under the cold and dilatory eye of a Railway Commission. Or turn to the question of the regulation of the Trusts. Here we begin to wade deep in those counsels of perfection of which Mr. Roosevelt is habitually so prodigal, and which the irreverent call platitudes. "Corporate finances," we are told, "must be supervised so as to make it far safer than at present for the man of small means to invest his money in stocks. There must be prohibition of child labour, diminution of women labour, shortening of hours of all mechanical labour; stock watering should be prohibited, and stock gambling as far as is possible discouraged." No legislator has yet discovered a practical means of discouraging, much less putting down, "stock gambling". Great as are the evils of Stock Exchange speculation, it has its uses, for were it not for the speculators there would be no market for most securities. It is the never-ending struggle between "bulls" and "bears" which adds that great element of value, liquidity, to the fortunes of us all. Mr. Roosevelt's denunciations of stock-gamblers impress us as merely conventional, and feeble, because not based on knowledge. But our Factory and Workshop Acts and Mines Regulation Acts have protected the labour of women and children for a great many years, and our Employers' Liability Acts and the Workmen's Compensation Act have gone far to settle the question of "taking care of the wage-workers". The financial supervision which Mr. Roosevelt desires for corporations are more than secured for British investors by the mass of Companies Acts, which force companies to lay bare their innermost secrets of bookkeeping, and surround the position of a director with ruinous penalties. It may be that Parliament has gone too far in its desire

to protect the man of small means in his investments; for when all's said and done, you can never save fools from knaves; and if directors are paid like clerks and arraigned like criminals, men of brains and position will refuse to become directors. But in the United States it would appear from this message that the Americans are about seventy years behind the effete Britishers in the matter of industrial and financial organisation. Mr. Roosevelt's complaints about the treatment of wage-earners are those of Lord Ashley in 1846. Whatever may happen in the future, Mr. Roosevelt's valedictory recommendations have no chance of being translated into laws by the present Congress. Authority forgets an outgoing President.

There was another subject on which Mr. Roosevelt touched, which interested us the more because the SATURDAY REVIEW has so often alluded to it—namely, the administration of justice in the United States. This was far the best passage in the message, because Mr. Roosevelt says plainly that very many American judges are corrupt, and many incompetent, and many afraid to do their duty. That in many States of the Union it should be impossible to secure the conviction of criminals brought to trial, that in most States commercial fraud should enjoy perfect immunity, and that in all States the law of libel should be a dead letter, are serious blots upon American civilisation. Very sensibly Mr. Roosevelt recommends, as a first step towards the enforcement of law, doubling the salaries of all the judges. This is sound, because an underpaid judge is always liable to succumb to the temptation of taking bribes. But Mr. Roosevelt did not venture to suggest an even more necessary reform, the abolition of elective judges. The inferior judges are in the United States elected by popular suffrage: they should be appointed by the Supreme Court of the United States, and their salaries should be placed beyond the votes of any popular Legislatures. In no other way can judicial competence and honesty be secured. Another interesting proposal was "a progressive inheritance tax on large fortunes". We shall wait with curiosity to see whether a country in which the multi-millionaire is a god will adopt death duties half as stringent as our own. We imagine that this form of taxation would have to be adopted by the Legislatures of the States, as we believe that taxing enactments by the Federal Congress are contrary to the American Constitution.

The United States are entering upon that struggle between the Man and the State, between individualism and collectivism, which has exercised the best minds ever since the days when Sophists argued in the gardens of Athens. The problem perplexed Milton; it worried Burke; and we see no reason to expect that vigorous, voluble, commonplace politicians like Mr. Roosevelt, or his successor Mr. Taft, should solve it. The American people, like the British, have a solid base of temperament, which, if provoked beyond endurance by millionaires or socialists, may guide them to find salvation. But it will only be after "many days and many ways".

#### THE GERMAN POLITY—AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

NOW that the excitement about the interview has died down, and the German press has had its grumble, and the Reichstag had its talk, it is possible to ask quietly if all the bother has left any mark on the German polity. Will the machinery of government, the checks and balances, be affected? The ordinary observer would say the recent explosion has left no mark behind it. The popular assembly is where it was; the government remain irresponsible to it. None the less the status of the Emperor and of the Chancellor has been affected. It is affected through the reappearance of a body hardly heard of by the man in the street: the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Federal Council.

According to Article 11 of the Constitution of the German Empire

"... The Emperor shall represent the Empire among nations, declare war and conclude peace in the name of the same, enter into

alliances and other conventions with foreign countries, accredit ambassadors and receive them.

"For a declaration of war in the name of the Empire, the consent of the Federal Council shall be required, except in case of an attack upon the territory of the Confederation or its coasts."

The absolutist principle of government which these words enunciate is qualified in two respects. In the first place, Article 4 elaborates at some length the powers of the Imperial Legislature. As these include such matters as the regulation of trade and the control of migration, it follows that the Emperor has no authority to issue a new Customs tariff or to forbid yellow men to land on German soil. But his competence certainly extends over the whole field of foreign relations as those words are usually understood, and as far as Article 4 is concerned it is open to him, without fear of constitutional restraint, to lead his country to the very verge of an offensive war. But the absolutism of the Emperor is qualified, though to what precise degree no one knows, by the clause of Article 8 which enacts that "there shall also be appointed in the Federal Council a Committee on Foreign Affairs over which Bavaria shall preside", and which is to contain representatives of five other States, among which Prussia is not included. The reconciliation of these two Articles, 8 and 11, provides a knotty problem to the constitutional lawyer; it also demands the attention of the practical German politician, to whom the assignment of responsibility for the conduct of the foreign relations of his Empire cannot be a matter of indifference. What, asks the jurist, is the function of the Foreign Affairs Committee? Clearly it has no authority over subjects expressly placed within the competence of the Emperor, and when these are excluded there remains nothing but the declaration of war. This, however, is expressly described as the concern of the Federal Council as a whole and not of one of its committees. Only one conclusion is possible: the Foreign Affairs Committee has no rights and no duties whatever. Bismarck, in fact, took away with Article 11 what he gave with Article 8. Resolved to maintain the control of Foreign Affairs in his own hands, he was nevertheless true to his Prussian traditions and formally vested their conduct in the Crown. This view, however derogatory to the powers of the Committee and of the States, which have no other means of influencing the foreign relations of the Empire except through its agency, squares with the facts as far as they are known to the public. Both the Council and its committees meet in secret and issue no statement of any kind for publication, so that it is not possible to speak of their proceedings with certainty. But it is known that the Foreign Affairs Committee has very rarely assembled—certainly not more than half a dozen times—the last occasion until last month being in 1905, when the Moorish crisis threatened to precipitate a European conflict. Last month, however, came the famous interview; Bavaria hastened to summon a meeting of the Committee; and the Imperial Chancellor took its opinion and received an expression of its confidence before he went to Potsdam. It is, therefore, quite clear that recent events have established a new precedent, and that the Committee has asserted itself for the first time since the Empire was established.

So much for the relations between the Sovereign and the Council; but what of the position of the Reichstag? The Constitution makes no provision for control or even interference on the part of the Reichstag in matters of foreign policy. Nor is this surprising, for the Constitution is primarily the work of Bismarck, who, while admitting the necessity of a Parliament, neither appreciated nor understood the institution of which he was the author. No Prussian Junker is a democrat, and Bismarck was a Prussian Junker both by descent and in character. It is true that important declarations of policy have always been made on the floor of the Reichstag by Bismarck no less than by his successors; but this is simply because the House admits reporters, whereas the Council excludes them. It is thus easy to understand the unconcealed satisfaction of the German Liberal press at the proceedings in the recent debate on the constitutional situation. Several of the parties in the House tabled

motions expressing a desire for some constitutional amendment, and, somewhat to the astonishment of the party leaders, the motions were not ignored by the Government. It is true that the Imperial Chancellor did not consider the question of sufficient importance to call for his personal attendance; but he sent a representative who stated that if the Reichstag chose to appoint a Committee to go into the matter, the Committee's report would be considered by the Council. Such an exhibition of courtesy, so clear a hint that the proceedings of the elected Chamber are not a matter of absolute indifference to the Government, has naturally gladdened the hearts of the scanty band of German Liberals soured by many years of disappointment.

The Committee will sit and report in due course; the report will be considered by the Council; and the report will be shelved. Amid much that is obscure in the present situation that at least is clear. The Constitution lays it down that a constitutional amendment is to be regarded as negatived if fourteen votes are cast against it in the Council. Now Prussia possesses seventeen votes in that body, and Prussia is overwhelmingly Conservative. Accordingly the whole issue turns upon the attitude of the Prussian Conservatives. Of that there is no doubt; the official Conservatives expressed themselves in the recent debate as perfectly satisfied with the promise of the Emperor, and explicitly dissociated themselves from the motions brought forward by the Liberals and Socialists. It follows that whatever the majority of the Reichstag demands will be vetoed by Prussia in the Council, and against that veto the elected chamber is constitutionally powerless.

The Reichstag, then, may be left out of the question. Two facts, and two facts only, are of material importance. The first is the promise of the Emperor that henceforward he will not act upon his own initiative. He has thus consented to waive a right bestowed upon him by the Constitution, and by so doing has approximated the position of Emperor to that of the King of Prussia. Prussian royal acts must be supported by the Prussian Premier, an arrangement which, while in no way preventing personal government, shields the Monarch from personal criticism. In future German imperial acts in matters of foreign policy will in like manner be supported by the Imperial Chancellor. It is natural that the Prussian Conservatives should be gratified by this concession. They have no hankering after a parliamentary régime; but they wish to shield the person of the Emperor, and their wish has been gratified in the most obvious and satisfactory manner. The second material fact is the meeting of the Foreign Affairs Committee, a fact to be interpreted in close connexion with the imperial promise. The Committee could not expect to be consulted by the Emperor; but now that Bismarck is dead it feels itself in a position to dictate terms to any possible Imperial Chancellor. Its co-operation is indispensable to that personage if he is to be a man of weight. Appointed, as he is, by the Emperor and responsible to him alone, the Chancellor requires backing if his will is ever to prevail against his master's. It is on this account that Prince Bülow called the Committee together before proceeding to the critical interview at Potsdam on 17 November; without its support he might have returned dismissed, not re-established. And it is because the Chancellor cannot stand save by its aid that the Committee is likely to assemble more frequently in future, and after nearly forty years of merely nominal existence to exercise some real influence in the conduct of public affairs.

#### THE MILTON TERCENTENARY.

IMPRESSIVE in some ways as has been the celebration of the Milton tercentenary, there has been throughout a painful note of insincerity which deserves merciless exposing. Most of the demonstrators have accepted the Nonconformist legend of the poet and have done their best to hold him up to admiration as the prophet of modern liberty and modern civilisation rather than as the one great classic poet of the world whom

England can claim. The Bishop of Ripon and the Master of Peterhouse gravely assume that he set before his age a purer ideal than it had known before, and they and Mr. George Meredith seriously write as if this ideal is one that should commend itself to our own time. Now it is perfectly true that Milton had his ideals, religious, moral and political, but from these ideals, if they were seriously put forward to-day, most of his panegyrists, and especially the Nonconformist Radicals, would shrink with horror. To take a concrete instance. Does anyone suppose that Milton would have tolerated for a moment the inquisition into private morals in which the modern Nonconformist conscience takes delight? If any dissenting divine is tempted to answer this question in the affirmative let him read the sonnet on the Tetrachordon. He will find the protests of the Westminster divines who ventured to criticise the poet's moral ideas written down as a "barbarous noise Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes and dogs". The truth is that the great "Puritan" was never at any time of his life an orthodox Nonconformist. It is also ridiculous to say that he stood for a purer religious ideal than did the Churches of Rome, England, and Geneva. In his youth his æsthetic fancy was touched by "storied windows richly dight" and by "service high" and "anthem clear". Over the grave of a cultured High Churchman like Andrewes he could pour forth a graceful elegy. But he was in religion a pure anarchist. He turned savagely against Laud when the great Archbishop tried to enforce ecclesiastical discipline on "splendid transgressors". No sooner, however, had the mitred pre-lacy fallen than he rushed with equal ferocity on the "phylacteries" of the Presbyterians. And, as Dr. Johnson, his most faithful biographer, has reminded us, he never associated himself "with any denomination of Protestants". His religion in his later days was one in which public and perhaps private worship had no place. His theology was that of Arius. What position has this anarchist individualist in the Nonconformity that is striving for a State religion in the schools and is seeking to unite dissenting sects through the medium of such Church Councils as Milton's rebellious spirit loathed?

But when we turn from his religion to his moral teaching, it is difficult to listen with patience to the Master of Peterhouse's enthusiasm for his ideal of liberty and the Bishop of Ripon's talk of his noble dreams. The hard truth about this prophet of the higher life is that he desired to rob woman of the status that Christianity had given her and to reduce her to a state of hideous and degrading servitude. The sad story of his young Cavalier bride finds a painful explanation in those terrible lines of "Samson Agonistes" where this preacher of rebellion against kings and prelates denies the right of the woman to any country or faith apart from her lord and master. If Milton could have forced his ideas of marriage on Christendom, he would have replaced a Christian by a Moslem civilisation. It is probable enough that in days past his influence has done much to lower men's conception of woman, and for this reason it is regrettable that he should be held out by prelates and preachers as a teacher of righteousness.

It is pleasant to turn from this unsavoury subject to Milton the politician. As a politician he offers no ideal to the modern Liberal. True he hated kings; but he hated them with the hate not of a French Jacobin, but with that of a Roman oligarch or a Venetian Senator. His political action was not always consistent; the austere and aristocratic Republican was somewhat out of place as a secretary of the Lord Protector. But his political principles are clearly explained in the writings by which he sought at the eleventh hour to divert Monk from the cause of the King over the water. The ideal for the future government of his country that flashed before him as he wrote those pages was a Venetian Republic, untempered even by a Doge. He asks for a Parliament that shall be indissoluble, and for its electors he demands, not the sovereign people, but the "ablest knights and burgesses of the counties". To his aristocratic and fastidious temperament even the hustings of the seventeenth century seem too democratic. "All should not be committed to the noise and shouting of a rude multitude." Subordinate to his Venetian Senate, he

dreamed of local oligarchies governing the counties, and he pictures these provincial aristocrats like the nobles of Italy building proud palaces in the county towns. And wherefore were these oligarchic councils to be set up? Just to keep out the heir of the Stuarts in opposition to the will of the English people, since it is "better for a few to compel the many to maintain their liberty than that the latter for the pleasure of their baseness-compell a less most injuriously to be their own fellow slaves". Milton's dream of a Venetian Constitution for England failed to impress Monk; but, as Lord Beaconsfield showed, it had a profound influence on English politics for a century after Milton's death. It inspired alike the statecraft of Shaftesbury, the plots of Sidney, and the philosophy of Addison. By the time of the second George it had converted our Constitution into a narrow oligarchy. The modern Radicalism that claims Milton as its prophet came into existence to fight his political ideal, and what he would have said of it had he lived in the first half of the nineteenth century it is not difficult to guess. Without a doubt he would have defended the massacre of Peterloo as truculently and bitterly as he championed the murder of his King.

The truth is that Milton the political thinker was as far removed from the ideas that make up modern Liberalism as were the oligarchs of the last days of the Roman Republic. But with these oligarchs, who plundered the Provincials in the concrete and cursed Kings in the abstract, he would have had many thoughts in common. Again, there never lived a man whom socialism would have more deeply irritated. Just as in the religious and moral sphere he would have loathed the operations of the Nonconformist conscience, so he would in matters political have no less detested the socialistic Liberalism that seeks to regulate the home and the workshop. He would have brutally damned it as irreconcilable with liberty and plentiful trade. The Liberal M.P.s who have piloted the Children Bill through Parliament would have received sympathy from Strafford and Laud. Milton would have set them in his political pillory by the side of

"Shallow Edwards and Scotch what d'ye call".

An individualist anarchist he no doubt sympathised with religious toleration and freedom for the pen when he was himself under discipline. It may be noted, however, that he was perfectly willing to persecute Roman Catholicism for "just reasons of state", and that he urged the Long Parliament to clip "Presbyterian phylacteries".

In a word, those only who desire Arianism in the Church, polygamy in the home, and a Venetian oligarchy in the state have a right to hail Milton as a religious or political prophet. We have spoken plainly about the false note in these celebrations. At the same time we allow that even the lying legends that are being propagated in the poet's honour have their use. They have served to recall to England the name of a man who, if no longer popular, is one of the greatest geniuses of our literature, and this is to the good. Milton as a poet stands so apart from our age that to interest the generality of people in him would have been impossible unless his name had been linked with the cause of a contemporary faction. For in spite of all this week's talk, there probably never was a generation since the appearance of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" that knew less of them than does the present. To reverse Addison's dictum one might sadly say that to most people who dared to read them through to-day (a task not over-easy in Dr. Johnson's time) they would seem universally and perpetually uninteresting, so far removed are we from the poet's conception of the things of Heaven and earth. Even the modern schoolboy could scarcely skim with patience the battle of the good and wicked angels which once upon a time delighted his father and grandfather. Mr. Wells, in the "War in the Air", supplies him with more agreeable wonders. Let it be recognised that there is a real danger that, while the sort of people who enjoy Matthew Arnold will always read "Il Penseroso" and "L'Allegro", the magna opera of the great English classicist will fall into oblivion.

The commemoration of the week, with all its absurdities, has therefore had its use. If in the main it has not honoured its hero in the right way, it may lead thousands to have one little look at the verse of the only true classical poet of England, the man who, according to Mr. Mackail\*, stands among our other poets "without equal or second", "in the same circle with Sophocles and Vergil".

#### THE CITY.

FOREIGN politics, or the rumours about them, took a more favourable turn on Thursday, and prices on the Stock Exchange rapidly recovered the losses of the previous week. The carry-over was a bad one for the bulls, especially in Kaffirs. Modderfonteins, the most elastic stock in the market, made up at 10½, and on Thursday rose easily to 11½; Rand Mines, which carried over 6½, rose to 7½; while Apex, another speculative share, which had fallen from 4½ to 3½, rose on Thursday to 3½. All this shows that the moment the fear of war in Eastern Europe is dispelled there will be a strong upward movement in South African shares, which is indeed quite warranted by the wonderful strides which the gold-mining industry is making. Mr. Leopold Albu, at the meeting of the Van Ryn Mine, which declared a dividend of 35 per cent., expressed his opinion that the mines of the Transvaal would in a few years produce £50,000,000 of gold, which is indeed "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice", and estimated that the cost of production would be reduced by improved machinery to 12s. 6d. per ton. If the Messrs. Albu take so sanguine a view of the future, it is a pity that they do not take some steps to protect the market in Cinderella Deep, the shares of which have been allowed to drop 10s., though the mine was assiduously puffed some few months back. The market for the Deep propositions is altogether unsatisfactory, such excellent properties as City Deep and Village Deep being allowed to crumble away through sheer lack of support. Witwatersrand Townships have just declared a dividend of 10 per cent., which is very welcome as the harbinger of better things, and the shares at 2½ are worth buying, for they have been as high as 8, and as they are shepherded by Mr. Abe Bailey, the only man in the Kaffir circus with any "go" in him, we expect to see them rise easily to 3 or 4. De Beers have been made the object of a decided attack by the bears, and the deferred shares fell at one time to nearly 10. All sorts of reports are put about respecting this celebrated company, which no doubt suffers from the illness and absence of Sir Julius Wernher. It is asserted that the preference dividend will not be paid, which we can hardly believe. It must be remembered that the par price of these shares is £2 10s., and therefore they stand at a very high premium. Still, the deferred have been at 27 and the preferred at 19 within the last eighteen months, so that we think they must have touched bottom, though we know nothing.

The American market has recovered its appearance of dogged strength, and Union Pacifics once more look as if they were on the road to 200. But in Yankees the only safe rule seems to be to listen to your broker's advice, and then do the opposite, though even this course will not always enable the dabbler to make money. The pendulum in this market seems to swing backwards and forwards within a four-dollar range, so that there is no great danger, though a good deal of money may be dropped in this way. Argentine railway companies continue to publish increased traffics, and their shares continue to be neglected by the public. There is no shepherd in this market.

The De Dion-Bouton Motor Cab Company is being floated with a capital of £220,000, divided into 217,000 cumulative participating preference shares and 60,000 deferred shilling shares. The preferred shares are to receive 7 per cent., and to divide the surplus profits, if any, after providing for a reserve fund, equally with the £3000 deferred shares. The De Dion-Bouton chassis are, as all the world knows, of the very best, and we are told that "the cabs will be most luxurious and elegant,"

\* Christ's College Magazine. Milton Tercentenary number. Michaelmas Term. 1908. Cambridge University Press.

designed to carry luggage, capable of seating four persons, upholstered in real leather, fitted with the latest requisites for comfort, and will as nearly as possible approach a private brougham in appearance and be suitable for hiring". All this reads very nicely; but are we at last to get a twopenny tart for a penny? How, in other words, can such cabs be run at a profit on the present fares? If the wretched old growler, which cannot cost more than £100 for cab, horse and harness, cannot make both ends meet on 6d. a mile, how are these charming little motors to live and thrive on 8d. a mile? We do not wish to discourage motor-cab companies; but it will be a miracle if they pay, unless the fares are raised, which ought to be done. The De Dion-Bouton Company, of which Mr. Edge is the chairman, has just held its meeting, and during the eighteen months since its formation to 30 September last has earned a profit of £22,411. That is good, as is the statement that there are £81,000 liquid assets in excess of liabilities. But what does Mr. Edge mean by saying that "they had been passing through a period of great depression"? Why, the streets are blocked with motor-cars. If that is depression, what would a boom be like? The De Dion-Bouton Company has not yet started manufacturing in this country. They had better be quick about it, for a tariff-reform Government is coming in which may tax their French machines.

Among the issues of the week are the Gold Coast Oil and Bitumen Corporation, Limited, and the British Colonial Petroleum Corporation, Limited; the capital in both cases is £200,000; the former offers £70,000 for subscription, the latter £60,000.

We hope that there will be an inquiry into the affairs of Coalite Limited, which with a capital of £50,000 underwrote 750,000 shares in British Coalite. There is too much of this kind of irresponsible underwriting nowadays, done for the sake of the commission and in the hope that it may be sub-let. Coalite Limited owes British Coalite £239,000 for "calls". Coalite Limited shares of £1 have, we believe, been sold for £30.

### THE ELGAR SYMPHONY.

By FILSON YOUNG.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR'S first symphony, after being played for the first time by the Hallé Orchestra on Thursday week, was given by the London Symphony Orchestra at Queen's Hall on Monday last, the conductor of both performances being Dr. Hans Richter, to whom the symphony is dedicated. Every seat was taken for both performances, and the enthusiasm at Queen's Hall was something quite unusual. That so abstruse and complex a work as a modern symphony, which takes an hour to perform, should arouse so high a degree of curiosity beforehand, and be received with so genuine an appreciation of its qualities, is a sign of the way in which the London musical public has been educated during the last ten years. It shows also that there is a genuine curiosity with regard to new works by British composers of which conductors might well take note. For it is the curiosity that is healthy; never mind whether the new works produced might sometimes fail to justify it; what is important is that there is a public willing and anxious to listen to new works and to be allowed to form its own judgment about them.

There is no question that the judgment of the public on Elgar's symphony was completely favourable, as also was the judgment of the critics. We are all expected to say something about it, to pronounce upon it; and a great many intelligent things have been pronounced and said. But for my part I entirely decline to pronounce upon a symphony which has taken four years to write, and which I have only heard rehearsed and performed once. I can give my impressions about it, and there are certain technical things that, having studied the score, I can say definitely; but as to its ultimate place in the musical literature of the world, and its chances of what we call immortality, I simply do not yet feel able to give a definite opinion. It is one of the most complex scores of modern times—spiritually as well as technically; complex; it contains some very strange departures from

what even the trained modern ear can regard as sound and beautiful musical style; it mingles roughness of handling with gentleness and sometimes even femininity of spirit, and jumps crudely from one suavity to another. It may possibly be great music; I am not sure; but it is certainly big, conceived and wrought in a lofty spirit, and with all the late-medieval sense of craftsmanship which, gone long ago from other departments of life, is being curiously restored in the modern art of music.

To try to describe it on paper seems rather a hopeless and futile task. To say that this is a broad theme, which is followed by that which indicates "unrest", that here is a transition passage and there an odd modulation would, if one were to lead one's readers thus through the symphony in detail, merely produce a page of tiresome nonsense. One must go for the broad effect and result of the whole, tempting as it would be to make little technical studies in detail. In a word, what the hearer has to decide for himself, what the commentator must try to convey, is just this: what did Edward Elgar, writing this symphony during four years of his life, mean to say to mankind, and how far has he succeeded in saying clearly, emphatically, truly, what he had to say? One can answer the second question most easily; he has sincerely and successfully said what he had to say. The stamp of veracity is an unforgeable, unmistakable stamp, and it is affixed to every page of this symphony; often indeed the musical, melodious sequence of things has been sacrificed to spiritual truth. There is an impression produced of a man's spiritual personality, refined, melancholy, yet with the melancholy contradicted by an acquired religious optimism, which often fails him, but which is so definitely religious as to be Christian, so definitely Christian as to be Catholic, and so definitely Catholic as to be Roman Catholic. It is the old conflict of the low and the high, the material and the spiritual, the human and the divine, curiously modernised and expressed not in images or scenes or pictures but in the obscure musical equivalent for thought. There is an oppression about it as of a sense of religion dying in the world, seeming to be periodically revived by mere strenuous denial of death, but growing feebler at each awakening. No other idea seems to me so well to fit the continual flooding of the score with fresh energy and colour, and the continual ebbing and fading of all that again, leaving the sense of life always a little lower. This impression was formed very clearly and definitely for me, or else I would not inflict on my readers what must in any case be merely a personal and arbitrary interpretation; nor must the composer necessarily be saddled with the spiritual personality which I have fitted to his music.

And that brings us back to the first of my two questions—what had he to express? He has told someone that the symphony has no programme, but simply expresses his "whole outlook on life". And that is just its fault. No man has any business to try to express the "whole" of a modern outlook on life in a single symphony. David might do it in a psalm, or Omar Khayyam in a quatrain; but Sir Edward Elgar, a Christian gentleman living in the twentieth century, cannot do it in a symphony without marring and overloading the symphony or singularly contracting his outlook on life. And yet it is not so much his fault as ours, the fault of the intolerable way in which all our musical affairs are organised. It is such a business for a composer to get a symphony performed at all that he is tempted to put into it all the material which ought to be spread out over many works; to earn in an hour the reputation of a lifetime; to prove, in the brief opportunity given him, how much he can do. It is like the minor actor who, having nothing to say in a whole play but the single line "My lord, the chariot awaits", tries in that brief speech to indicate to the management his fitness for the part of Hamlet. It cannot really be done; he would say his line better if he knew he would have another opportunity next week; and so the composer who gets a rare hearing would write better if he did not feel the necessity for putting all his eggs into one basket and of convincing the public that without doubt he is the man and music will die with him. I do

not attribute to Sir Edward Elgar any such opportunist intention in writing this symphony; for one thing, his reputation lifts him above it, and he has reached the point at which anything he writes will be speedily performed. But there was a time when, like many another composer, he knew that if he wrote symphonies there was little chance of his hearing them performed, and I think the mischief of the system has got into his attitude towards his work—the feeling that he composes not merely for his own joy and satisfaction but for some definite occasion such as a festival, when he must produce a great effect. Hence, I think, the lack of that simplicity of outline which is characteristic of all great music, ancient and modern; the detail may be crowded, but the central, dominating idea should be definite and simple and capable of being grasped by every attentive hearer. I cannot help being reminded of the typical British R.A.'s "Academy picture" and of the many laboured, overwrought "Academy pictures" over which countless mediocre painters spend months of time which ought to be occupied in turning out quickly and easily things within their grasp and power. The comparison is only one of method, not of result, for in Elgar's case the result is a very noble and splendid piece of work; but it is, at any rate in this early impression of mine, spiritually confused. The wonder to me is that the expression of that spiritual confusion should yet have come within the compass of an orchestral technique which, never hitherto anything remarkable, has in this case suddenly reached the level of the technique of Richard Strauss.

If there is one quality more than another which a critic should acknowledge and praise in the work of a contemporary it is the quality of advancing, improving, making the new work better than the last. Nothing else is so important, either to the artist or the critic. We may not be able (in the vulgar term) to "place" our artist; why should we? Other critics in other days will do that; but we should be able to compare his new work with his old and, viewing it comprehensively as a whole, see whither he is tending and what progress he is making on the road. If I had been foolish enough to make predictions about Elgar, even in my own mind, when I heard "The Dream of Gerontius" I should have been very far wrong. "Catholic Wagner" I thought, and still think, about that work; Wagner, if not in cope and mitre, at any rate in cotta and biretta. Let me say plainly that that is all gone; there is no trace of imitation, hardly any of influence; Elgar as a composer has passed from imitation to creation, from the disciple's company and weakness to the master's loneliness and strength. On another hearing there may perhaps be more to say about this symphony; in the meantime it is enough for me to add my tribute to that of others who have paid theirs, if with less diffidence, perhaps with greater knowledge.

P.S.—I am compelled to hold over until next week the consideration of two important and interesting recitals given during the last few days by Madame Marchesi and Mrs. George Swinton respectively, at the second of which a considerable number of M. Gabriel Fauré's songs were sung to the composer's accompaniment.

#### "THE LAST OF THE DE MULLINS."

By MAX BEERBOHM.

I KNOW it is lamentable of me; but I do prefer the old style of Magdalen to the new. Give me Olivia Primrose and Little Em'ly, and spare me Magda, spare me Janet De Mullin! It is as dramatic critic, not as sociologist, that I utter this cry. And when I say that I, as dramatic critic, like the old Magdalen better than the new, do not accuse me of subscribing to the doctrine that the theatre is no place for ideas. All I mean is that whereas such a person as Olivia was a recognisable (and charming) type of humanity, true to the fashion of her time, such a person as Janet De Mullin never for one moment appears to me as anything but an invention (tedious and jarring) in a good cause.

Had Mr. Hankin chosen as the scene for his play the hall of some "advanced" debating-club, Janet De Mullin might have cut a fairly credible figure. There her inordinate self-complacency and her delight in turning arguments inside out would not have been wholly incongruous with reality. But there is an old tradition, of which modern dramatists have not rid themselves, that the Magdalen must be shown to us in her parental home. So be it. But, in average actual life, how would a Magdalen here behave? She would not, of course, have the drooping head, the quivering lip, the crimson cheek, the footstep faltering on the threshold, which are inseparable from the Magdalen of bygone days. She would not think that she had outraged the laws of God and man, and that she could only hope for redemption by a life of abject self-abasement. Nor would her family take that view. Her family would, however, be shocked and distressed by what she had done. And she (mind you, I am taking the average normal case) would have enough fondness for her family not to resent their feelings, and enough ordinary comprehension to understand their feelings, and good enough manners not to ram sociological theories (however admirable) down their throats. The sort of woman who "throws her bonnet over the mills" in favour of a man she loves is not likely to be impervious to any other atmosphere of the affections. That sort of woman would have the tact of her humanity. She would feel the awkwardness of the whole situation, and would proceed to pass it off as best she could—*glisserait mais n'appuyerait pas*. But what, then, would become of the sociological cause that Mr. Hankin has at heart? The woman *must* sociologise, and be superior and crushing. And so, to reconcile this necessity with her past, Mr. Hankin presents her as a woman who has had all her wits about her from the outset, and who overstepped the boundaries of convention not because she fell in love, but because she realised that the mission of women is not to grow old in virginity under their parental roof, but to bear children and carve out careers for themselves elsewhere. In glossing over one improbability, Mr. Hankin has surely created another and more glaring one. There have been, doubtless, women who have quite consciously set out to acquire the experience of maternity. Georges Sand did so, as we know. But the instance of that abnormal woman does but point the abnormality of the proceeding. The maternal instinct is strong both consciously and unconsciously, but no normal woman seeks to fulfil it by the rough-and-ready means of selecting, without reference to any effect that he has on her emotions, the first likely man who comes by. That is what Janet De Mullin did. At the age of twenty-seven, having decided on maternity and freedom from the parental manor house, she marked out, as the father of her child, a young subaltern of twenty, who was staying in the neighbourhood. Having become pregnant, and having had the anticipated scene with her father, she went to London, where, without warning to the negligible subaltern, she bore her child, and, after many bracing vicissitudes, established a bonnet-shop. Apparently, the bonnets were not specially made to be thrown over mills, for she told her customers that she was a widow, whose husband had been drowned at sea. She called him, to satisfy her private sense of humour, Mr. Seagrave. Some eight years after the birth of her child, her father fell dangerously ill, and the family telegraphed for her to come to the manor house. The play opens just before she arrives with her child. Old Mr. De Mullins, as acted by Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, seems to be at death's door. It is extraordinary that he manages to survive his daughter's visit. He cannot suppose that her pitying smile is for his illness, for she shows so very clearly that it is for his ideas. She patronises him for all she is worth, when she is not trampling on him. She patronises and tramples on her mother, her aunt, and her sister, throughout the play; and most of all does she patronise and trample on the gentleman who happened to be the father of her child. The child himself is the only person to whom she is nice. She seems to cherish him as a cudgel with which to batter the heads of everyone else. The blows she deals all round are ever shrewd and resonant. Socio-

logically, propagandistically, she is brilliant. But dramatically, humanly—no, she doesn't exist. You see the dilemma that confronted Mr. Hankin? Janet had either to be a wildly abnormal woman who would vociferate his own admirable views, or to be a normal woman who wouldn't say anything in particular. He might, as I have hinted, have dodged this dilemma by dodging the convention of the Magdalen's return to the parental roof. Or again (and this, I think, would have been the better way) he might have let his views be vociferated by one of the other persons in the play—Mr. Brown, the curate, for example, or Dr. Rolt, the medical practitioner, to neither of whom does he allow any quality at all. As she stands, Janet kills the play. But I cannot mourn very bitterly a play killed by ideas, even though it might have survived them. "C'est une belle mort", and a very rare one.

As you may imagine, no one in the cast, except Miss Lillah McCarthy, as Janet, has a chance of acting, in the strict sense: to be passive is all that they can do; and very well they do it—especially Mr. Vernon Steel, as the father of Janet's child. So worsted is he by Janet in course of the conversation in which he learns of his paternity that he does not even rise from his seat when the child comes on. Much of the gleaming and inflexible divinity of manner that made Miss McCarthy's performance of Dionysus so convincing, a few weeks ago, re-appears in her performance of Janet, appropriately.

#### FARMING AS A CAREER.

By "PAT."

IN Cattle Show week one's ideas turn naturally to the possibilities of farming as a career. Agriculture is an industrial pursuit in which a man of honour may still engage with self-respect—perhaps there are others. Like science and poetry, it deals in no trade secrets; at least, there is no need. It does not require the gain of one by the loss of another, as happens so commonly in commerce. Its gains are primarily a matter between the man and the soil, and though some "rob the soil" it is better than robbing the neighbour. Besides, the robbed soil always avenges the crime, which cannot be said of the Stock Exchange. It keeps a man in touch with Nature, which helps to keep him honest; and in so far as it implies a conflict, the conflict is between man and his enemies in Nature rather than between man and man. Its essential motive always is to increase production, not to grasp the largest possible amount of what is produced; and though the maximum may not often transform clogs and a cottage to silks and a mansion in seven years, the sane minimum is safer than in any other pursuit, precluding that sordid elaboration of material chance which so largely corrupts the world and often keeps a man essentially miserable on millions. Should a man love Nature, and have intelligence to study her without being a fool in ordinary affairs, then agriculture is almost ideal and certain to be remunerative. Its competition is across oceans rather than across fences or streets, preserving the mind from the effects of direct greed and necessarily enlarging vision in anyone who comes to see the world-process in which he has his part. For instance, the clearing of Russian forests, reducing the rainfall, is said to have diminished the production of grain, which would affect the position of the barley-grower in Scotland; and such a far-reaching influence, even when operating to disadvantage, tends to raise the mind that studies it beyond the meanness of narrower issues. Farmers on either side of a hedge need no such envy of one another as shopkeepers on either side of a street, their prices being fixed by forces farther removed or at least less personal and less directly apparent at any given time. Accordingly we find peasant communities who spend the winter nights in each other's houses, while their shopkeepers, though derived from the peasantry, and meeting every day in the same street, remain really unacquainted and never meet in the social sense. Such examples can be found even among the most gregarious peoples.

So much for those who can combine culture with cabbage, but what of him with six children on ten shillings a week, whose existence is valued, like that of the horse, by the length of his working days—and then the workhouse? He has done his work, justified his existence; therefore the shame of the workhouse is really not on him but on the economic and social system that ends him so. A vital defect remains in every society that leaves a good old man or a good old woman to die in disgrace when too old to work. Yet the life, apart from the manner of its end, is probably much undervalued. The real question is not the amount of a man's income in money, but rather how he can live on it; and probably the healthy man on the soil with ten shillings a week gets more out of life than the city clerk on two pounds a week and permanent indigestion. Army figures have shown us the difference of chest measurement between town recruits and those from the dales of Westmorland; and it is to the soil that the armies ever return to renew their strength. It is not easy to assume that life must be less where we go for our strongest men.

Probably those above Hodge have not considered how much a little might be to him, and to themselves indirectly; and it is certain that they have not applied themselves to make the most of him with any such efficiency as we find in the employers of other industries. The return to skill and capital is probably not less on the whole in agriculture, but the industry is less adaptable to that centralisation on the grand scale which tempts a master mind to increase wages by economising energy. In his own lifetime the late Lord Armstrong got about ten thousand workers organised on a bank of the Tyne, with the total supervision within two miles, and vast possibilities of invention and economy from so many minds operating so closely; but the supervision for as many agricultural workers would spread over 100,000 acres, with the lives less associated for the developments that arise from close play on one another. Perhaps there is not much use appealing to the farmer in this connexion, but there are many landlords who might profitably apply more of their educated faculty to the labour problem on their estates, by direct employment if they cannot raise their tenants to the higher efficiency which would enable them to pay better wages; and I believe a day is coming when the owner of land must either make it useful or lose it. Badly boycotted, on a bad tract of Galway, Lord Ashtown makes a much better return on his capital invested in this way than he could get from stocks and shares; and because he employs his tenants and their sons they have decided by resolution not to purchase the land from him, seeing that they have more from it in wages because the owner applies knowledge and capital beyond their means. This example at Woodlawn ought to be studied everywhere, and it is long past the stage of experiment, having now been at work for more than seven years, with the results more encouraging every year. The problem created for the Galway landlord by the agrarian agitator to-day may be created for the Yorkshire landlord by the socialist agitator to-morrow, and Lord Ashtown has already demonstrated the only apparent solution. Spencer argues the matter to this effect: "If the individual have a valid right to the earth, it follows that nobody else has any right to it, and a single owner may with equity evict the whole human race from it." Of course, the law of ownership does not interpret "valid right" in any such sense, but the responsibility remains for the owner to see that his land supports his fellow-man or to lose it.

While this responsibility grows more exacting, educated faculty deserts the soil more and more. The literature of agriculture is extensive, and yet I do not know of one agricultural writer in Europe with a literary style. It cannot be that the subject precludes style, for Huxley made himself delightfully readable on the mud of mid-ocean bottoms, even with his conclusions all wrong, and Grant Allen told the tragic life of the garden spider with impressions that can never leave my mind.

With all the generous possibilities of agricultural life we find its current expression often painfully mean, and the agricultural press actually denying the proved pro-

ductiveness of the soil, as if it were the business of the editors to discourage production and to multiply poverty. Take an example regarding a recent article of my own in the SATURDAY REVIEW. Every fact in it is denied by the "North British Agriculturist", on the faith of "an Irish correspondent", and yet we know how Irish correspondents are organised to discourage production in order to destroy the landlord. The Scotch paper has published many columns of "criticism" on this article in several issues, and an editorial attack is based mainly on a misprint, not from the SATURDAY REVIEW, but from the report of my evidence before the Royal Commission on Congestion. "Tritro-culture" is printed for "nitro-culture", and the Scotch editor revels in the slip as if he were a Mayo moonlighter. Such is the literature of agriculture, and it could not be without having removed culture from the soil; but the absence of education is an invitation to the educated, who may find still in the fields a fair remuneration for talent, more free from the corrupting influences of modern life than any other pursuit called business.

#### PROSPECTS FOR THE UNIVERSITY BOATRACE.

BY REGINALD P. P. ROWE.

OXFORD and Cambridge have each had their trial eights race. It is possible therefore to have some idea as to the chances of the University eights which will meet at Putney next spring. It would seem at first sight that Oxford should be the favourites. Not only did Oxford crews do much better than those representing Cambridge at the last Henley Royal Regatta, but in the Olympic racing later in the year a Magdalen, Oxford, four were chosen to represent this country and won the international four-oared race in remarkably fast time. Yet Oxford trials were on the whole disappointing, and the better of the two Cambridge eights decidedly above the average. It does not follow from this that Cambridge will have an exceptionally good boat, but at least it seems probable that it will be one above the moderate level of recent University crews.

A noticeable point about the Oxford trial eights was the large number of Etonians included in the two boats. In the one which lost, no less than seven Etonians occupied seats; in that which won, two. It is, to say the least of it, disappointing that these representatives of the only important rowing school in England should not have shown to greater advantage. Apart from the fact that the crew which was almost entirely composed of old Etonians was the slower, few of these men impressed one as being suitable candidates individually for places in the University eight. At the present time there is something wanting in the material sent up from Eton: and this is particularly so in the case of the heavier men. It is hard to put one's finger on the spot and say exactly where the deficiency lies. One wonders whether it is the spirit which is unwilling or the flesh that is weak. Neither flesh nor spirit is deficient to any great extent: it is not bad rowing, merely rowing not as good as it should be. It is perhaps a little hard to single out Eton and ascribe present-day inferiority to the influence of that nursery of oarsmanship. But it is the penalty of importance to incur responsibility, and the importance of Eton influence is incontestable. It is, of course, true that men from other schools, most of whom only begin their rowing at the University, display much the same faults as old Etonians. There is apparently plenty of physical strength in individuals, but not a corresponding power in their work. Almost universally there is a lack of "beginning", of effective grip of the water, and in consequence strength is wasted. Eton, then, is not alone in this character of mediocrity; but the point is that in oarsmanship Eton should always be in the van, and now she is merely in the ruck. There was a time, not so very many years ago, when one hoped of an Eton heavy-weight that he might turn out a Muttelbury, a Fletcher, or a Burnell. And the hope was not without

reason. There was a chance that he would pull the crew along. Now the question is rather whether the crew will, or will not, have to pull him along. In those days thirteen-stone boys from Eton were, comparatively speaking, rare; in these they are as plentiful as the dukes in the Gilbert-and-Sullivan opera. I will not suggest that their value is no greater: that would be an unwarrantable exaggeration. Nevertheless one can hardly avoid the conclusion that Etonians, like other English oarsmen, are growing larger and correspondingly less effective. Increase in weight does not lead to proportional increase in power of blade. They row in fair, if rather heavy, body form; they miss "the beginning" (not always very badly, but they do miss it), and they do not seem to lay themselves out to work as they did in former years. In those perhaps too much belated years you could be reasonably certain of one thing about a recent member of an Eton eight—that his work, for his weight, would be above suspicion.

Despair caused by many disappointments may incline one to undue pessimism, and I dare say that the above is a little more than the truth. There is no doubt that the present generation of rowing men must be heartily sick of such everlasting croaking over their inferiority. The success of the Leander veteran eight at the Olympic Regatta has already been rubbed in ad nauseam. It may be, after all, that we have seen the worst of the inferiority so generally complained of, that the period of depression is nearly over, and that better days are coming. At any rate, when a four can perform as well as the Magdalen four did at Henley there should be reason for hope. Besides, it cannot be said that the rowing of the Oxford and Cambridge trial eights provided a text for the pessimist. Of the two Oxford and the two Cambridge crews the winning Cambridge trial was probably the best, the losing Cambridge trial the worst—worst not so much in individual material as in failure to show racing quality when the pinch came. Form in this crew broke up badly in the middle of the boat, and the rowing went to pieces. In the Cambridge trials there was only one Etonian engaged, R. W. Arbuthnot, the stroke of the winning boat, and his performance, it must be admitted, was excellent. He is certainly the most promising stroke who has come up to either University during the last few years. J. B. Rosher, who rowed behind him at 6, also did remarkably well. As he is heavy and powerful, and rows in fair form, a good deal may reasonably be expected of him. Without going further into personal merits, it may be said that there was good enough material in these two Cambridge eights to fill adequately most of the vacant places in the University crew. It will be interesting to see whether D. C. R. Stuart, the President, will elect to row stroke. Should he do so, his decision can be readily justified, for few will question that the success of the last three Cambridge eights has been largely due to his generalship at the after-thwart. On the other hand there are many who believe that the style of these crews would have been better if he had been placed elsewhere. Owing to the long period of practice necessary before the race, the style of a University eight depends very largely on the style of its stroke oar. The crew conform to him to a greater extent than in a shorter training. Stuart is a capable stroke in a race, but it may well be that the crew would shape better behind Arbuthnot. To place the latter in so important a position might be something of an experiment, even of a risk, but the gain to the crew, and in the long run to the University, might very possibly be great. A point to be noticed about the Cambridge trials is that both crews, while fresh, rowed in very fair style, decidedly an improvement on that shown by recent Cambridge eights, and the crew which won kept its form and length remarkably well to the finish of the race.

On paper at any rate the task of forming a good eight out of the material available at Oxford appears a more difficult one. The trial which lost was neat and short, the trial which won rough but longer both in swing and in the water. The two men who showed up best were A. E. Kitchin, the only old Blue rowing, and D. Mackinnon, a member of the Magdalen four which represented England at the Olympic Regatta. Mackinnon would make an excellent 3, and

Kitchin, who has come on since last year, an admirable 4. There are also quite a number of good bows and 2's, and A. G. Kirby, the President, will presumably row 5. The difficulty begins when we come to the three stern oars. Possibly R. C. Bourne might do well at stroke, but it is by no means a certainty, or even a strong probability. He is a good stroke but an indifferent oar. Possibly again A. S. Garton might do at 6, but it is exceedingly unlikely that in that position he would be an unqualified success. The choice of a 7 will be a harder matter still, but in regard to this important place Cambridge seem as badly off as Oxford. Probabilities, however, so long before the race, are very hard to gauge, and it is quite possible that the Oxford President may yet triumphantly surmount the difficulties which beset him and get together a really fine crew. A little difference in individuals may make a great deal of difference to the eight, and if the men chosen for 6 and 7 show improvement in the course of practice and some aptitude for their positions the chances of the boat will at once be enormously improved. There is one thing which all who believe in oarsmanship of the older school will be thankful for. In the coaching of the trial eights, both at Oxford and Cambridge, there was no sign of a hankering after Belgian methods. The Belgians had many good points, but shortness of stroke was the one thoroughly bad feature of their style. It was also the one feature which their imitators attained, and attained to perfection. It is to be hoped that this mania for inferior imitation is now at an end. There is at any rate no likelihood that it will receive further encouragement at the Universities.

#### CROWDS AND THE DESERT.

THE very word "desert" impresses upon the mind the idea not of desolation only but of emptiness and vacancy, as of a space void and stripped of all that concerns human nature and human life. Whoever travels in the desert has under view a landscape which is in a state of total or partial dissolution; a landscape that has either dissolved totally into blond sand-dunes which the wind idly wreathes and curves afresh as it passes, or which is on the way to such a state of dissolution. Life, if it has not died out altogether, is represented but by a few bitter shrubs and saline grasses. There are occasionally apparent, traced on the earthless and skeleton hills, the channels of torrents and beds of rivers cut in the rocky plateaux; but few of these ever carry water, and those that do so carry it only for a moment after a sudden downpour and for a little way, till it is sucked down and engulfed by the porous soil. The land is all quite dead or dying. A great monotony reigns over it. Day by day and week by week the view varies little. There is next to nothing in its bare expanse to arouse attention or stimulate thought, for it is wanting in all objects and all processes that commonly engage our interest. The blank scene seems the image of a blank mood. It is not only that Nature here is hostile to man. Nature is hostile to man in many a poisonous tropical jungle, where, nevertheless, there are endless objects and a thousand rare and beautiful creatures and blossoms to excite curiosity and wonder and interest. One can understand a man risking his life on such a quest as that. But here in the desert Nature is not only hostile but a blank. She does not say, "Take your life in your hand, and if you get through you shall carry off a rich spoil"; she says, "Take your life in your hand, and if you get through you shall have your trouble for your pains".

It sounds a poor offer, but the extraordinary thing about it is that it is eagerly jumped at, and not only that but jumped at by precisely the kind of men who, one would think, would be most contemptuous of it. Mr. Hogarth, in his book on the exploration of Arabia, has pointed out the exceptional intellectual ability of desert explorers as a class, that they are of something more than ordinary originality and genius. The names of Doughty, Burton, Palgrave, Burckhardt and Blunt occur in confirmation; and the same holds good of the Sahara, which has been reconnoitred by a body of men not only

of adventurous character but of unusual force of mind and keen-witted above the average. It seems the desert possesses a fascination for minds of this original cast, and not a fugitive fascination either, for most of them have returned to their work of exploration again and again, finding it seemingly impossible to resist the mysterious charm which these wastes of sand and barren steppes exercise over them. It is strange! What can be the secret of such a charm? What do they come out to see? The loose sand driven by the wind, a few tufts of scanty grass, a wandering Beduin camp? Why is it that men of intellect who are fond of observing should go where there is so little to observe; that men who love thinking should be drawn irresistibly to a land where there is so little to think about?

The measure of the desert's attraction is the measure of the hold which routine and the collective way of doing things have obtained on human life. All lovers of the desert are rebels against routine and the collective way of doing things. We do not mean rebels only so far as their work of exploration involves solitary action, but rebels in temperament and in all their habits of thought. Doughty is a great figure in literature, and his poetry and prose are marked by the highest original power; but he is a rebel against all accepted literary canons: he makes his own metre and his own language as he goes along. Blunt is a man of imaginative genius and insight, but by instinct he is in revolt against the common racial ideals, and the collective way of doing things has no severer critic than he is. Burton was a born leader of men, but the Diplomatic Service could not make head or tail of him. It felt the rebel in him; and no wonder: well do we remember long ago laughing at the bitter wit of his denunciations of an official system which, he used to declare, perpetuated and lived upon those very "questions" which it was supposed to be its mission to settle. Collective thinking and acting are impossible to men like these. Routine and custom, which lull most of us into acquiescence, stir in them a furious dissent. And in proportion to their antipathy to the collective way of doing things is the strength of the attraction which draws them to the desert; for of all places in the world the desert is that which most brings out in a man the consciousness of his own individuality. It is not only that it is a way of escape, that it stands for emancipation, that all that belongs to the crowd and that men own in common is here lacking. That is much, but, besides that, every circumstance of desert life seems designed for the same self-strengthening end. The risks and the necessities of every day's march involve a perpetual exercise of vigilance, forethought, resourcefulness, and bodily endurance. With almost a jerk a man is flung for support on his own individual senses. And his senses respond to the demand made upon them. His ear distinguishes sounds that are scarcely sounds at all. His sight penetrates to further distances, and notices with a keener discrimination. Gradually alertness grows into a habit. The Arab scrutinises his gear, his camels, and the face of the desert as a sailor watches his quivering sail and the squall on the water to windward. Thus while with one hand the desert takes away and annihilates all that man is collectively, with the other it fosters and draws out all that he is individually. To understand you must feel the change thus wrought; the first feeling of helplessness at the loss of all the old props and supports, and then, growing up from within and pleasantly suffusing one's whole being, the exhilarating consciousness of self-sufficiency as the faculties answer to the call made upon them. Sculptors have had the feeling that the figure they worked at was hidden within the marble and was being liberated by the blows of their chisel. So we may conceive a man's individuality, imprisoned in the social cement and oppressed by usage and routine, set free by the desert's action and issuing in its proper shape and likeness.

What we would suggest to the reader is that, in these days, when all the forces in play seem to favour an ever compacter and tighter collectivism and the more and more complete absorption of the individual by society, there is in the world one great agent at any rate steadily at work propagating the other gospel. It has produced already one race of pure individualists whose influence

on human affairs, disconcerting and incalculable—much, in fact, like the influence of a Burton or a Blunt—nevertheless persists and in manifold ways continues to operate in the world; and very quietly and silently it calls to the few of all nations who are of the individualistic faith, and strengthens and fortifies them in their creed. Very quietly it does its work—simply by spreading out the natural conditions answering to a certain mood and then waiting patiently like one who has baited a trap. It seems to know who will come, and come they do as if drawn by a spell. As a fly escaped from the honey-pot rubs wings and legs free of the adhesive stickiness, so we can see a Doughty in the desert, among the cleansing sand, rubbing himself free of routine and custom, whetting his senses on those reefs and ranges and, out of his own enhanced and intensified consciousness, forging that strange and vivid English which surely could have been forged nowhere save in the desert.

Whoever looks narrowly at what is going on all round him in this desolate region will see the silent influence of the place translated into visible facts. We spoke of the work of dissolution that goes on in the desert. Every grain of sand in the wind's hands is a tiny missile. The sun-blackened stones and rocks strewn on the gritty ground, like burnt currants on the crust of a cake, are polished and worn away by sand-friction, as though they had rolled for years in the beds of streams. The faces of cliffs and boulders and pinnacles of rocks are undercut and hollowed out as if by the ceaseless action of waves. Whenever the wind calls them these swarms of little engineers get to work, eating out grain by grain the particles of the resisting masses, until the tallest rocks succumb and the undermined cliffs come tumbling down before their assault. Dynamite is not in it as a destructive agent with desert sand. If you would seek a monument of its activity, circumspect, look around. Note the crags and ranges dissolving away as the features of a corpse dissolve into dust. Watch the advance of the sand with every fresh conquest and the gradual yielding on every side of organisation to chaos. What builder ever set up as much as these small architects of ruin have pulled down? If the fickle and wandering desert sand has any purpose it is this: to destroy all organic forms and the principle of cohesion in nature altogether, separating each grain of stone from its fellows and setting it free to roll before the wind. And in just the same way the influence of the desert on a man is to extract him from the concrete he is part of, to pick him out from the mass of his fellows, to individualise him in a word, and set him once more at liberty to act and think on his own account.

Well, in these days one may be glad that such an agent exists. Year by year the pressure of society gets tighter and more intolerable, and year by year the feeling grows that it cannot go on much longer, that we must have a little more freedom and elbow-room if we are to live at all. The jaded ones fly to what they call "wild nature"; to the sea beach or the village common or the nearest wood. But what do we know of wild nature in a country like ours, where every field and copse and hedgerow bears the impress of the handling of countless generations of men and every landscape is bathed in an atmosphere of time-honoured human associations? We need something more tonic.

"Seest thou yon barren plain forlorn and wild,  
The seat of desolation?"

It is by a natural instinct that people's minds in such times as these turn to the desert. Never before was there so much heard and so many books written about that desolate region as now. It is a relief from the pressure of crowds to turn even in idea to those vast spaces in which a man can once again resume the knowledge of himself. The truth is modern society is suffering, and we most of us have a secret inkling of it, from the malady of what may be called suppressed individuality. And just as suppressed gout finds its way to Schwalbach or Harrogate, so it is the inclination of suppressed individuality to draw towards the desert. There is a cure in the world for most ills if we know where to look for it.

MILTON.

DECEMBER 9, 1908.

THREE centuries! and lo! this golden day  
The Eternal spake, and bade a Child arise  
Dowered with grave gifts of passionate enterprise,  
For England's glory to make straight the way:

Prophet of the Highest, against whose fire might stay  
Nor chaff of tyrants 'mid established lies,  
No, nor of cringing varlets, that would prize  
As naught their manhood, so they but clutched their pay.

Milton, around thy cradle here we kneel,  
Thy Countrymen, on this fair natal morn,  
Thanking our God for thee, stern witness born

Of all that could make an England pure and free:  
Hail! deathless Champion of our Commonweal,  
Whose earth-closed orbs gazed on Eternity.

SELWYN IMAGE.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE UNITED STATES ELECTION—WHAT WAS IT ALL ABOUT?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

La Salle, Illinois, U.S.A.

SIR,—As an example of the rhetorical precept ascribed by Aristotle to Gorgias of Leontini—*τὴν σπουδὴν διαφθεῖραι γίλωτι*—the question asked by the SATURDAY REVIEW of 7 November, "Can anybody tell us what the contest [the American election] was about?" is permissible, for do we not see many thoughtful Englishmen applying the other canon of the precept—*τὸν γίλωτα σπουδῇ*—when they treat seriously, as of vital moment to Britain, the all-too-frequent "confidential" extravagances of Continental anachronistic Caesarism?

With all respect to the SATURDAY REVIEW, as the greatest exponent and assertor of that rational conservatism which, as many citizens of the American Republic also believe, expresses the consensus of the competent, permit me to suggest that our national election has been something more than a "machine-made fight between Tweedledum and Tweedledee". That in all our party politics what may be termed the Barnum method still obtains, and that too in despite of legislative primary safeguards, is unhappily too true—*hoc fonte derivata clades*—and it is by no means unlikely that both Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan have sometimes (I trust not often, since frequent repetition induces fixedness of habit) cursed "in their hearts" the supposed necessity of exploiting their political nostrums like the quack Melchior in "Japhet in Search of a Father". Nothing short of a revision and amendment so thorough as virtually to revolutionise our Procrustean national and state constitutions can ever so modify party machinery here that the din, dust and sparks from the wheels may, as in England, be so reduced as to encourage the tranquillising illusion that there is no vote-compelling machinery whatever.

The truth is that in a country so large as the United States, with sectional interests so confessedly divergent, the formation of a "workable" public opinion, sufficiently concentrated and unequivocal to compel legislation, requires of the "standard-bearer" almost superhuman exertions of touring and tub-thumping, just as the self-imposed task of evangelising the English people, both clerks and laymen, required Wesley's lay preachers to display, from Gwennap Pit to Carlisle, almost unprecedented ardour in weariness, journeyings, and manifold perils.

In the sense of attainable ultimate results, there were many vital issues at stake in the election, and for these the Democratic party, taking for its leader America's most earnest, devoted and perhaps most gifted son, went down to a not ignominious defeat. Where even the household children were unable to discern these issues, their transatlantic cousins must be excused for failing to recognise them. The faithful ones among us believed that the election of Mr. Bryan and the probable coinci-

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loughby VERNER. London: Bale. 1908. 21s. net.

"THIS have I seen at times lying prone amid the rocks and sweet-smelling cistus, in some wild valley enclosed by the great cliffs above which the eagles play." Colonel Verner has written down little that he has not seen. He has given us one of those rare books which are virgin observation from beginning to end. Were such a book ill-written and ill-produced, it would still escape, as does all primary work, on the other side of criticism. But if not finely written in the technical sense, the manner is finely simple and unaffected and vivid, and the get-up singularly luxurious. Spain too, from its climate, contour and its position on the great migration route, is a paradise of birds. The coast of Norfolk and the adjoining counties is its nearest rival, and over Britain—though happily the Golden Eagle is again a common spectacle—the larger birds are few. The vultures, the eagles, the cranes and the Great Bustard, of all of which Colonel Verner has many tales to tell, are not common here even in captivity. The English bird's-nester has little need for the most part to work in his more heroic fashion with telescope and silk rope and on horseback. Its width of experience makes the volume worthy to go down in that special list of international natural history books which Mr. Roosevelt in his hours of leisure is perfecting. If Colonel Verner is not a big game-hunter he has run far greater risks in his rock-climbs than even Somali lion-hunters have faced; and Baldwin himself never showed a more boyish delight in adventure. Indeed, if it were not so luxurious, one might say that the book was specially designed for boys as a story of adventure in the best of open-air pursuits.

It is a rare pleasure for those whose scope of observation has been narrower—who have not pulled down bower-birds' nests in the Sudan while the bullets were flying, or investigated the coloration of crow's eggs in a nest that interfered with the field telegraph of South Africa—it is a rare pleasure for such restricted naturalists to be taken a vivid tour among the wide marshes and limestone cliffs of Andalucia. Yet an English naturalist is at home all through the book, and it is remarkable how many of our problems are illustrated in it. Colonel Verner argues that the taking of eggs almost never drives away a species from a neighbourhood, and in another passage he tentatively suggests that the bird egg-stealers—he is talking of the marsh harrier—only steal the first lot of eggs. We can corroborate this in two particular examples. In the Farne Islands, and no doubt elsewhere, the gulls make almost a clean sweep of the terns' first clutch of eggs, but the robbery has no fatal result: the terns at once lay a second clutch, and the majority of these come safely through. If the eggs were again destroyed, a brood would still be hatched. In the economy of birds is a strange capacity, neglected even by the anatomists, which makes this possible. The bird has it in its power to lay or not to lay—and at very short notice—an indefinite number of eggs which are, indeed, ready formed within the body. If there is need for their production they are laid at once; if not, they must be in some degree reabsorbed. Therefore it is that only continual and persistent harrying checks their multiplication. Colonel Verner says that he has not seen the egg-gatherers at Bempton. We can assure him that the performance as a feat of climbing is nothing, even as compared—to quote from a personal experience—with the taking of a raven's nest on the Welsh cliffs. The performance, though interesting enough, is formal and safe and artificial beyond admiration. It requires only courage to make the first plunge. It is, however,

of much ornithological interest. In spite of this regular periodic harvesting of the eggs—and the harvest is big enough to be very valuable—the birds, especially guillemots and puffins, have steadily multiplied in that colony since the egg-taking has been regularised; and herein is the bird's-nester's final sanction that Colonel Verner has been seeking.

Incidentally Colonel Verner has some pleasant reminiscences to tell of the revival of hawking under his father's leadership. The sport now survives in unexpected places. A few weeks ago we saw a Welsh peregrine, taken from a nest in the cliffs the year before, strike a pigeon and return promptly to the lure as though it had been taught by a mediæval professional. Britain has still here and there wild spaces where the bird's-nester may find the hawks, the ravens and the eagles whose happy hunting-grounds are in Andalusia. On this subject we cannot refrain from quoting one of the many personal anecdotes thrown in, as it were. Speaking of the lightning-like swoop of Bonelli's eagle, Colonel Verner says: "I can recall how in the winter of 1902 I was shooting partridges on an alluvial plain near the town of El Kasr el Kebir, in Morocco. Some birds rose rather wild, and I sent away one hard hit. I had hardly shouted to my companion 'Mark that bird!' when a Bonelli's eagle appeared on the scene with a tremendous swoop and, clutching the wounded partridge without an instant's check in its speed, swept with it onwards and upwards and vanished out of sight. It was an interesting spectacle for any student of bird life, and one of peculiar fascination to a falconer."

Some omissions one regrets in this book. The splendid mystery of migration, which Spanish experience could do much to penetrate, is very scantily illustrated, though enough is said to show that the author could have told us much. It will be, for example, news to many English naturalists that a fair number of swallows stay the winter through in the south of Spain. Again, the account of the many thousands of migrating crane is a message from Spain of similar value to Gädke's strange record of the incalculable millions of small migrants that pass over Heligoland. All this is of material value to such studies as the rough bird census in which the Hungarian Government is interesting itself. The search for the crane's nest is one of the best things in the book, and quite the best illustration of the peculiar gift or eye for country developed by Colonel Verner as soldier and bird's-nester. He saw the cranes shamming disablement, exactly after the lapwing manner: he found the nest by a careful pursuit of the principle of what an old sportsman called "control alignments"; and the photograph of the retriever on the edge of the nest is a most charming example of the wealth of illustration that gives eyes to the pages.

Another omission to be deplored is the tale of the smaller owls. Lord Lilford, whose name occurs frequently, liberated, as Colonel Verner may know, a number of the small grey owl in the Lilford neighbourhood. They have so rapidly multiplied as to be now a cause of offence, at any rate to keepers. We have seen three or four in an afternoon hawking along hedgerows in the Midlands, and have known of several nests. It would have been of real value to know something of their native habits. Do they in Spain live on young birds and eggs?

The author provokes an inevitable comparison with Mr. Millais, the first of our naturalists. Both men have the artist's hand to express what they see. The crowning virtue of "My Life among the Wild Birds in Spain", as of "The History of Mammals", is the original drawings. Colonel Verner has drawn in pencil on a large scale most of the larger birds, many of them while on the wing. Even where the picture is a little too mathematical, the pose and carriage and distinctive characters of the bird emerge with singular distinctness. The pictures have a value outside the scope of the tales they illustrate. With the further help of the numerous photographs and tail-pieces, the plains, the lagunas, the sierras of Spain are very present to the eye while one reads these original rambles of a born naturalist in search of "hidden homes".

#### GARDEN PRODUCE.

"Scottish Gardens." By Sir Herbert Maxwell. Illustrated by M. J. W. Wilson. London: Arnold. 21s. net.

"An Artist's Garden." By Anna Lea Merritt. London: Allen. 1908. 21s. net.

"Children and Gardens." By Gertrude Jekyll. London: "Country Life" Library. 1908. 6s.

"Flowers and Gardens of Japan." Painted by Ella du Cane, Described by Florence du Cane. London: Black. 1908. 20s.

NO one can deny that Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Scottish Gardens" is very pleasant reading, but the parts directly bearing on horticulture would fill but a small fraction of the book. For instance, in the description of Dunrobin half a page is given up to the old garden there in the time of Charles I. and its Victorian successor, while ten pages are devoted to the deeds of crime and violence of the Earls of Sutherland and Caithness in the sixteenth century. Thrilling tales of this kind and romantic memories of the past are called to mind as the reader is introduced to gardens in all parts of Scotland. Now and again, as in the case of Stonefield or Corroor or Pollok, the actual plants are described, but as a rule it is the historic interest and the weird associations of some beautiful spot, and not the garden, which are dwelt on. In an introductory chapter the peculiarities of the Scottish climate are shown, and the mildness, particularly of the West Coast, explained. Most readers with any pretensions to a knowledge of gardening, however, are hardly as ignorant as the author supposes. How many tender plants flourish in that moist, warm atmosphere is well known, and the beauty of Scottish gardens has long been recognised. Sir Herbert Maxwell, far from over-rating them, hardly emphasises enough the extreme brightness of colour among the flowers, all the more noticeable in contrast to wild surroundings. As the title-page informs us, the gardens described are "a representative selection of different types old and new". The selection is excellent, but many of the well-known gardens, such as Drummond Castle and Murthly, have purposely been omitted. At first it is difficult to find any method in the grouping of the chapters. A garden in Stirlingshire is followed by one in Midlothian, then the writer goes to Inverness-shire, back to Fife and on to Ayrshire; thus geography does not come into the arrangement. Age and style are also ignored. But at last it dawns on the reader that the season of the year at which Miss Wilson happened to sketch the particular garden is the key to the sequence! The pictures have much charm and poetry, and many of the effects, such as the snowdrops at Ardgowan, are attractive. The rhododendrons at Stonefield are unmistakable, but in other views the species of flower is not so apparent. Pastel, which is the medium of the originals, loses much in reproduction and does not lend itself to detail as well as to broad effect. The book is not exhaustive, and although it gives delightful glimpses into Scottish gardens, it leaves much unsaid. It has no index.

What a wholesome task the indexing of many of these gardening books would be! The reader would often be spared much vain repetition if the author prepared an index. "An Artist's Garden", by Anna Lea Merritt, would have been improved by this discipline. The fact of indexing "Polyanthus among Delphiniums", pages 9, 10, 27, and 93; "Mignonette sown broadcast", 20, 27, 88; "Foxglove seeds covered with fireguard", 87, 107, and so on, would bring out the undue stress laid on these minor details. In the same way "Sheepfolds in spring", page 47; "Cripple boy", 53; "Archbishop Lanfranc", 178, and such-like references would show how far Mrs. Merritt had wandered from her garden. It seems to be a recognised method in compiling a "garden" book to put in sketches or photographs that may excuse the author digressing into any other subject

when he has not enough to say about his proper subject. All seems fair game; the field, the downs, the farm, the stable or the kitchen—all are brought in; to say nothing of abstract ideas or subjects such as education or poor-law relief.

These digressions are indeed almost inevitable when a large volume has to be filled with a description of a garden a hundred and five feet square, unless the book enters deeply into the science of botany or horticulture, which Mrs. Merritt's does not. It seems unnecessary also to go out of the way to make such a misleading statement as "vegetables were unknown in England till the sixteenth century". However, the "Artist's Garden" has the great merit of being one that is really lived in, tended and loved by the possessor. The most is made of the small space to form attractive pictures at all seasons of the year, and the enthusiasm with which it is described may be helpful and encouraging to those similarly situated, although the volume contains much irrelevant matter, nothing new to gardeners, and the ignorant would find more concise directions in any text-book. The pictures are disappointing, as the name raises expectations which are not fulfilled. Most of the views are lacking in effect. Particularly one, entitled "Vespers", seems to disregard the excellent principles emphasised in the text, as in it everything is subservient to a window under the eaves, overlooking all like the eye of a Cyclops.

Miss Jekyll in her book "Children and Gardens" takes children far outside the limits of their own little gardens; she has in fact more to do with rural amusements in general than actual gardening. In a volume copiously illustrated by the author's excellent photographs of cats and children at play, Miss Jekyll recalls many memories of her own childhood, and doubtless her example will suggest to others how to get more fun and wholesome pleasures, as well as knowledge of nature, out of the surroundings of their homes. It applies chiefly to people who have fairly large grounds and ample space to allow enterprise on the part of the children. The chapter on the "playhouse" implies also parents with full purses. It is written in a style that will appeal to children, and reading it should inspire them with fresh ideas in their outdoor life.

The most fascinating of the garden books brought out this season is the one on "The Flowers and Gardens of Japan", painted by Ella du Cane and described by Florence du Cane. The book was wanted, although the subject has already been dealt with more thoroughly, if only to show how totally unlike the real gardens of Japan are so-called Japanese gardens made in England. The pictures are charming; though some may lack a little in force of colour to be perfectly truthful, they are delightful and artistic, while the flowers are accurate portraits. The writer in this case has not made a few vague remarks to supply letterpress for the sketches, but has written a short but complete account of the principal flowers that deck each season of the year in Japan, and an admirably condensed description of the chief features of a correct Japanese garden. The whole treatment of flowers by the Japanese is so utterly unlike anything we are accustomed to that it is difficult for Western nations to grasp. The custom of "viewing" trees at the moment of their supreme beauty and celebrating feasts and keeping holidays so as to enjoy a particular flower has not any exact counterpart in the West, although "May Day" customs come nearest to it. To English people some of these seem very ancient, but those of Japan are much earlier. The custom of drinking saké while viewing cherry blossom originated in the fifth century, and the imperial garden party for the same purpose, which still takes place annually, was inaugurated in the ninth century, and a festival connected with the plum blossom dates from 903. The gardens of Japan laid out by the most precise rules are as far removed from an English garden, with masses of flowers in long herbaceous borders, as they could be. Every stone represents an idea and every plant fulfils a purpose. But if the meaning is not understood by foreigners, their charm is not less great.

#### "LEWIS RAND" AND OTHER NOVELS.

"Lewis Rand." By Mary Johnstone. London: Constable. 1908. 6s.

Miss Johnstone disappoints but few of her readers. With "Lewis Rand" she should further strengthen her position as one of the chief writers of fiction America has given us. It is again a romance of Virginia, of the days of Jefferson and Aaron Burr, of days when feeling ran high between Federalists and Republicans. The author introduces us to people in both camps, and intersperses her fiction-characters with persons from history in a way that tends to give actuality to the whole. Her hero, who gives his name to the story, is the son of a Virginian tobacco-roller, a lad with talent and ambition who rises rapidly, a man with a strong temper which breaks out fatally on one occasion. He complicates affairs by marrying a delightful woman, member of a proud family whose views on most matters are entirely opposed to his own. The story opens with Lewis as a boy labouring in the tobacco fields; it closes when he has come to be a person of importance, and after some terrible months resolves on a step that must at the least blast his career. Miss Johnstone has an assurance in the delineating of diverse characters that belongs to a high order of talent, and thus it is that in putting down one of her novels we feel that it has qualities far above those of the book which is good for a few hours of pleasant entertainment and then easily to be put aside and forgotten. Such a book, carefully planned and admirably written, is something more than the success of a season; it has lasting qualities. We shall remember the engaging family circle at Fontenoy, the two military gentlemen and their niece Unity, the two Cary brothers, that strange blending of strength and weakness, Lewis Rand, and the unswervingly devoted Jacqueline; and as we shall remember persons of the romance so too we shall recall and wish to return to such capital presentations of strong scenes as that of the fatal ride along the River Road and that of the trial of Aaron Burr. Of the few people who are writing novels for to-morrow Miss Mary Johnstone should be one.

"In the Days of Marlborough." By George Long. London: Greening. 1908. 6s.

How many burlesques, we wonder, have made fun of the attempt to create atmosphere with "Ho, there!" and "Right truly I will, fair lady"? Yet here we have it again. Indeed the point of view in this book is frequently so naïve and the writing so awkward that until we found facing the title-page the names of two other novels "by the same author" we thought we were reading a first work by someone not long out of the schoolroom—a schoolroom where neither English nor French had been very well taught. There is one sentence—it begins on page 15—showing the author at about his awkwardest; it contains one hundred and twenty-one words. In spite of occasional doubts as to what Mr. Long's pronouns related to, we clung to the hope that the research mentioned in his preface would rub up our history for us. Instead we have this sort of thing: "It must be remembered that James Stuart had really good traits in his character, and had they not gradually been obliterated by continued misfortune, he might have been a much better man". There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark But he's an arrant knave! There remains the story itself, and notwithstanding the stiff ceremony in which Mr. Long has so industriously wrapped it, one discerns its thinness. And the Sydney Carton ending is anything but convincing.

"Helianthus." By Ouida. London: Macmillan. 1908. 6s.

The publication of a last book by Ouida must sound a note inaudible to those who did not know her, or of her, in the plenitude of her extravagance and popularity, when official humour paid her the compliment of burlesque. The reader of "Helianthus" would never imagine from it that joyously lurid past, composed of some two score of novels, which began five-and-forty years ago with "Held in Bondage". There is but the

faintest likeness here to the old Ouida. True, all are kings, emperors, princes, or heroic patriots, but how differently are they seen, with what disillusioned vision! There was, one would have said, no one safer from the taint of socialism than the admirer of "Strathmore". Yet here she is, stripping the tinsel from regal pomp and the platitudes from royal character with a bitter determination which is no friend to her art, and pleading with angered pity the cause of poverty and the common lot. There is humour and shrewdness, too, in her delineations of notabilities, and almost all the big men in "Helianthus", from the Emperor Julius, the War Lord, downwards, may be recognised as portraits. Doubtless "Ouida" has done in the past work more vivacious, more intense; but seeing what volume and variety of work has gone before, this is wonderfully vital, surprisingly well-drawn. The old ardent temperament is unchanged, but now Prince Elim, the modern Hamlet, the friend of the people, is its hero; the man to whom rank and wealth and unearned ease are alike anathema, but who has not strength of will to cast them from him. Was it that Ouida, tired of his weakness, saw no way out for him, and so lost her interest? Possibly; but there is no sign of flagging or of failing workmanship when at its tensest moment the book comes prematurely and unexpectedly to a conclusion.

**"Winged Dreams."** By Helen Coleridge. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1908. 6s.

The author of "Winged Dreams" does not altogether convince us of the possibility of Lady Osmonde's romance with her uncle's underbred secretary. She is at once too innocent and too daring, and the character of the secretary is not well developed. He becomes too suddenly a brute and a cad. Diana herself, if unconventional in her behaviour, is quite conventional in all other respects, and reminds us of quite a number of similar heroines. The one touch of originality in her is her determination to keep her promise to her husband not to marry again. None of the other characters are drawn with exceptional skill, and in one or two cases are absurdly exaggerated types. The would-be witty dialogue is less amusing than its author supposes it to be; still there are several pleasant, possible people in the book, and as a social story it is quite readable.

**"The House of the Crickets."** By Katharine Tynan. London: Smith, Elder. 1908. 6s.

The author evidently does not know much at first hand of the Irish landed gentry. And we are asked to assume that when a farmer's daughter had been carried off by some wooer unknown in a motor-car the whole neighbourhood could continue for years to believe quite wrongly that the culprit was the young local magnate. This youth is a Roman Catholic, on intimate terms with the parish priest, and yet the priest is never able to tell the girl's family that their suspicions are absurd. As the young gentleman after the disappearance of the girl continues to woo the good sister, the story can go on until the author thinks it time to stop. But though the attempt to get "atmosphere" out of the crickets that haunt the melancholy farmhouse is just a literary trick, Mrs. Tynan displays real power in describing the household of an Irish farmer of a repulsive but actual type—tyrannical, avaricious, incapable, mean in all his dealings with his fellow-men, and obsessed by religious gloom. The kindly priest, equally true to life, affords a welcome contrast.

#### HISTORICAL STORIES.

**"How Canada was Won"**, by Captain F. S. Brereton (Blackie, 6s.); **"Barclay of the Guides"**, by Herbert Strang (Frowde, 5s.); **"With Moore at Corunna"**, by G. A. Henty (Blackie, 3s. 6d.); **"The Disputed V.C."**, by Frederick P. Gibbon (Blackie, 3s.).

Boys who are fond of reading have no excuse for ignorance of British imperial history. Here we have four volumes—Captain Brereton's and Mr. Herbert Strang's new, Mr. Henty's and Mr. Gibbon's reprints—which short of actual history could not well be packed with more facts. Captain Brereton and Mr. Strang are in a way rivals for Mr. Henty's mantle. Now Henty's fault as a craftsman in romance was

that he did not take sufficient trouble to mix up his fiction and his fact. Great chunks of serious history invite the young reader to skip, and he often does skip pages of Henty, even in so good a story as "With Moore at Corunna". Captain Brereton and Mr. Strang both endeavour to avoid this mistake. The one writes a capital book on the taking of Canada from the French, the other on the Indian Mutiny; and it is only occasionally that we are conscious of taking a dose of real history. Mr. Strang's "Barclay of the Guides" seems to invite comparison with Mr. Gibbon's "The Disputed V.C.". Both books deal with the Guides, the two Jans—Lawrence and Nicholson—Henry Lawrence, Herbert Edwards, and other heroes of the Mutiny, particularly those who distinguished themselves at the siege of Delhi; and we feel that we know the Guides at least as well through Mr. Gibbon as through Mr. Strang. But incident crowds upon incident in Mr. Strang's pages, as ever, and if we miss anything it is the touches of humour which always make his books good reading. Captain Brereton and Mr. Strang take immense pains, as we can tell from internal evidence, to get up their local colour. Indeed much of Captain Brereton's, we imagine, has not been "got up" but discovered on the spot. Mr. William Rainey illustrates "How Canada was Won", and Mr. H. W. Koekoek supplies some effective coloured pictures to "Barclay of the Guides".

**"The Good Sword Belgarde; or, How de Burgh Held Dover"**, by A. C. Curtis (Frowde, 5s.); **"Mid Clash of Swords: a Story of the Sack of Rome"**, by George Surrey (Frowde, 5s.).

The scene of the first story is laid in the troublous times of John Lackland and Henry III. The hero, Arnold Gyford, is asked by Sir Philip Daubeny to accompany him to Dover to join de Burgh. Many exciting adventures befall them on the way, as much of the country is in the hands of Prince Lewis. Arnold wins in fair fight the good sword Belgarde, and makes the acquaintance of his future sweetheart. Then follows a vivid and interesting account of the siege of Dover by the French. On the raising of the siege John takes to the sea to such good purpose that in the great sea fight off Dover he is placed in command of the *Merryweather*, and has a prominent share in the victory. Many of the minor characters, including the old sea-dogs of the day, are well drawn. The story is told in good nervous modern English. The hero in "The Good Sword Belgarde" is a patriotic Englishman, but the principal character in "Mid Clash of Swords" comes perilously near being a very tiresome sort of Jingo. Half his adventures are directly due to his blatant want of tact. We have not read for a long time a book with such an inordinate amount of blood-letting. The recuperative power of the hero is only to be matched by those wild border tribesmen on the Indian frontier who apparently can walk about with half-a-dozen bullets in their bodies. Except for this, the book has much to commend it. The young English fire-eater, Wilfred Salkeld, has to leave Rome in a hurry. He makes for Florence after having been nearly hanged by German mercenaries and baited to death by robbers. In Florence he distinguishes himself at the games, where he wins two of the principal prizes and earns the enmity of two of the chief swordsmen of the town. Taken into the service of the de Medici, he meets with a fresh crop of adventures, and finally has to fly from Florence. He only jumps from the frying-pan into the fire, for he has hardly found refuge in Rome ere the city is captured and sacked by the Constable de Bourbon. In the end Wilfred finds Italy too hot for him and escapes to England after having settled old scores with the various enemies he has raised.

**"The Royalist Brothers"**, by the Rev. E. E. Crake M.A., illustrated by W. J. Morgan (Society for Promotion of Christian Knowledge, 2s. 6d.).

The "Royalist Brothers" are two twins, who, when the story opens, are waiting in Dieppe to take part in an expedition to England under Lord Goring. While there they rescue a French knight, and both fall in love with his daughter. Deputed to convey Prince Charles from Rouen, they succeed after sundry adventures with the Frondeurs in getting him safe through to Dieppe. In his suite, however, comes a Montmorency, who develops into a rival for the hand of the fair Lucie. The latter is carried off by her powerful suitor, only to be rescued by the father and the brothers. The rest of the story is taken up with a spirited account of the campaign in Essex and siege of Colchester under Fairfax. The story contains sundry annoying modernisms such as the expression "a dashing young guardsman". There are numerous misprints—e.g. "at least" (at least), "le couronne" (p. 21), "a la voix" (p. 85), "chérie" (p. 106), *esperez* (twice, p. 108); Charnes (p. 92) appears as Chalmes (p. 138). The author has a fondness for

Latin tags which are not always correctly quoted. It is news also that Shakespeare wrote "Come live with me". The illustrations are very poor. The fair Lucie was evidently the despair of the artist.

"The Lost Column", by Captain Charles Gilson (Frowde, 6s.).

This is a story of the Boxer rebellion in China, in which the reader hears much about the siege of Tientsin and of Admiral Seymour's attempt to relieve the Peking Legations. Here is groundwork for plenty of movement and adventure, and Captain Gilson, who has built up his superstructure with skill, gives his readers a telling pen-picture of some of the moments which came to the Europeans in Tientsin and Peking during this trying period. History and romance are well blended.

#### AT SCHOOL AND AT SEA.

"Rivals and Chums", by Kent Carr (Chambers, 3s. 6d.); "That Master of Ours", by the Author of "Dorincourt" (Nisbet, 6s.).

"Rivals and Chums" is a first-rate story. Portland, caught smoking a surreptitious cigarette, is deposed as head of the house in favour of Diogenes Chandos, who has hitherto done nothing. Once in the saddle, however, Diogenes shows his grit, knocks out Portland in a fair and square fight, and quickly reduces his house to order, including his own fag Buttercup. He also shows his prowess on the football field, and in helping the school to win the match of the year he becomes a popular hero. During the fateful match however his study is "ragged". This proves the beginning of a reconciliation with the fallen Portland and the regeneration of Buttercup. Diogenes in fact saves Portland from expulsion when the latter is suspected of stealing the Doctor's love-letters. The story ends with an exciting sleep-walking episode in which the walker, more successful than Humpty Dumpty, falls at one moment from a wall sixty feet high, and the next he is seen again astride the wall. The football in the school is quite peculiar. There are various elevens, and in the early pages the boys are apparently playing "soccer". One individual talks of "putting" the ball "through fine"!—but when the school settles down to its game, the latter develops into "rugger" with eleven a side. Has the author got his notions of sport from Ouida? "That Master of Ours" is a schoolboy story in the olden times. It is mainly concerned with the Wesleyan movement, and the opening of a school in the wilds of Cornwall at a date at which witches were burnt, fights fought, and prayers said, with horse-whipping as a reward. "That Master of Ours" was one of the pioneers who have helped to transform the rough Cornishman into what he is to-day. The story is a record of the victory of moral courage, as represented by the frail little schoolmaster, over mere brute force as exemplified by Bull Trelyat. As the illustrations are above the general run one rather wonders that the artist's name is not on the title-page. We note one curious blunder which, as it occurs in the narrative, seems indefensible: "It was not a lively time for *we* lads" (page 206).

"The Bending of the Twig", by Desmond Coke—New Edition, Re-written and Enlarged, with Illustrations in Colour by H. M. Brock (Frowde, 6s.).

The trend of school stories to-day is more and more away from the private-school story with its impossible troupe of wisecrack headmasters and dare-devil pupils, and more and more in the direction of a transcript of ordinary public-school life. A good example is "The Bending of the Twig", which by the way is a second growth that in several respects is a clear improvement on the first edition. The comic element at the beginning has been cut back, and might with considerable advantage be further pruned. One fears that many youthful readers will vote it down as "tosh". The real interest begins with the hero's schooldays. His ill-starred attempts to model his conduct on the various school stories from "Tom Brown" to "The Hill" are most amusingly worked out. It is in fact a mild but highly effective satire on all previous writers. Another excellent quality in the author is that he does not fall into the common error of dividing all his characters into sheep and goats.

"Humphrey Bold", by Herbert Strang (Frowde, 7s. 6d. net); "Mr. Midshipman Glover R.N.", by Staff-Surgeon T. T. Jeans (Blackie, 5s.).

From the days of "Humphrey Bold" to those of "Mr. Midshipman Glover" stretch just two centuries. The first is a rattling story of the time of Admiral Benbow—perhaps the best of Mr. Strang's many good stories; the second is an equally stirring sea story of the present moment, by a writer who makes his first appearance this year with a book

which serves to show that steam and romance are not necessarily incompatible. There is little in the ships of Lord Charles Beresford's time to remind us of those of Benbow's day; one thing however remains, and that is the bulldog courage and determination of the British boy who takes to a seafaring life. From the moment he opens his story at Shrewsbury till he brings it to a close in the neighbourhood of Humphrey Bold more than justifies his name. His adventures are as varied in character as the scenes in which they occur, whether by land or sea, and the boy who does not welcome his record will be hard to please. Mr. Jeans writes with the advantage of having lived no small part of the life he describes; he knows a modern torpedo flotilla and the British sailor-man as well as he knows the China seas and their pirates, and he brings home to us how adventures and other things may wait as surely on the refitting of a low-pressure piston ring as in the old days they depended often on a puff of wind. By making his various heroes contribute their own narrative the author gives us a story as unconventional in form as in matter. Mr. Jeans' book is illustrated by Edward S. Hodgson, and Mr. Strang's by W. H. Margetson.

"A Middy in Command", by Harry Collingwood (Blackie, 6s.); "Under the Chilian Flag", by Harry Collingwood (Blackie, 3s. 6d.).

Mr. Collingwood is well to the fore this season with a couple of vigorously told tales. "A Middy in Command" deals with slavers and pirates. Richard Grenville, a middy in command of a captured slaver, is attacked by a pirate, and his ship is scuttled. Managing to escape, he is picked up by an East Indiaman which promptly gets stranded. This opens the way to a series of hairbreadth adventures with African savages. Placed in command of another prize, Grenville helps to capture a third slaver which he takes into Sierra Leone. Afterwards he sails from Sierra Leone in search of a certain pirate, into whose hands he falls, but in the end he turns tables on his captors, and almost single-handed takes their ship as a prize to Port Royal. A novel feature of the book is an adventure with a sea serpent which is more unexpected than convincing. "Under the Chilian Flag" is a story that centres round the war between Peru and Bolivia against Chili in the early 'eighties. Jim Douglas and his mate O'Mara join the Chilian navy and take part in the naval campaign. There are bombardments, sea-battles, night attacks and forlorn hopes galore. Jim is everywhere in the thick of the fighting, but he bears a charmed life, or rather a charmed skin. Twice he is led out to be shot, and twice escapes. Taken prisoner at last he is carried off to the mines, where he finds the clue to a hidden treasure, part of which he manages to secure in the course of a punitive expedition against certain Bolivian guerilla bands. After the war he settled down in Chili, and the author hints that he lived to fight another day against Balmaceda—a fact that all boys who read the book will be glad to note. Mr. Collingwood's first story is illustrated by Mr. E. S. Hodgson and his second by Mr. Rainey.

"Young Nemesis", by Frank T. Bullen (Nisbet, 6s.).

Of modern sea stories few can compete with Mr. Bullen's; he is an acknowledged expert in his line. His books are always wholesome, fresh, and true to life, and "Young Nemesis" is no exception. To say that it is an admirable sea story and just the book for boys seems almost superfluous. "Young Nemesis" however is something more than this; in the best sense of the word it is a realistic picture of the sea some two hundred years ago, of a sort calculated to stir the imagination and hold the interest of any healthy-minded boy, to whom the ordinary happenings of a seaman's life with its numerous perils in the early part of the eighteenth century are unknown. For the glamour of romance which has been thrown round piracy, and for the abominations of the press-gang, Mr. Bullen has nothing but the strongest condemnation. In this story he paints piracy in its true colours, shorn of the false glory with which so many writers have decorated it.

"Runners of Contraband: a Story of Russian Tyranny", by Tom Bevan (Partridge, 3s. 6d.).

"Runners of Contraband" is the work of a born story-teller. Mr. Tom Bevan gives us a thrilling tale of gun-running to Finland during the recent troubles in Russia that leads to the arrest of the hero, an Englishman, Dick Davies, and a Finnish girl, Marie Olafsen. After an abortive attempt to escape they are both taken to the dreaded Petropavlovsk fortress in S. Petersburg, and then to the Butirki prison in Moscow. Finally escaping from confinement, they experience immense difficulties in getting out of the country, but manage to reach the German frontier. The story goes with a rare swing from start to finish. There is

just the right amount of adventure, and neither the long arm of coincidence nor the tell-tale finger of improbability is too much in evidence. The illustrations are by Mr. Wal Paget.

#### ADVENTURES OF SORTS.

"For His Father's Honour", by John G. Rowe (Nutt, 2s. 6d.).

The scene here is laid in a coalmine near Wigan. The tale of the pitboy Frank Elliott's trials, caused chiefly by a drunken father who falls under suspicion of having murdered his employer, shows some descriptive and dramatic power, and Mr. Rowe is at his best when dealing with the dangers of a miner's life. Crime figures too prominently in these pages to make the book ideal reading for young people, and it is difficult to understand how such a story came to be included in a "Juvenile" series.

"A Lad of Grit", by Percy F. Westerman (Blackie, 2s. 6d.).

"A Lad of Grit" is a story of adventure on land and sea in Restoration days. The doings of the hero, Aubrey Wentworth, son of Sir Owen, afford plenty of stirring incident. Under his father's will Aubrey is charged not to part with a metal box which Sir Owen had carried attached to his belt. Needless to state, this metal box at the psychological moment is not forthcoming; had it been, boys would have been deprived of the pleasure of reading Mr. Westerman's story. They would have heard nothing of Aubrey's adventures in the West Indies and amongst Algerine pirates, and they would never have learnt how, after captivity in Holland, the young hero gained possession of a document which gave him a clue to a hidden treasure and enabled him to recover his home in Yorkshire.

"The Golden Girdle", by Lieut.-Colonel A. F. Mockler-Ferryman (Black, 3s. 6d.).

Colonel Mockler-Ferryman's story of the quest of the golden girdle is a good type of book for boys. Clearly, straightforwardly, and vigorously told, the story abounds in incident and stirring interest of a nature which intelligent boys, young and old, will enjoy. They will sympathise with Walter Henderson's delight at being set free from the gloom of the British Museum, nominally to follow up the work commenced by Layard, in reality to discover the girdle of Sophana, the great queen who had been buried in white vestments with a magic girdle of solid gold fastened round her waist. On reaching Baghdad, Henderson finds that someone has tampered with his despatch-box, which contained a plan of the ruins of Babylon, and instructions as to the best method of attempting to locate the burial-place. How, in spite of this and other difficulties, the wondrous discovery is made, must be left to the readers themselves to learn.

"The Wolf Patrol", by John Finnemore (Black, 3s. 6d.).

A tale of boy-scouts in which Mr. Finnemore shows himself a capable exponent of the movement started by Lieut.-General Baden-Powell, with a view to stimulating the imagination and making better citizens of the young people of the Empire. The movement is so popular that even girls now delight in the school pastime of scouting and patrolling. There is plenty of exciting reading in the tale of the Wolf Patrol of Bardon Grammar School and of the Raven Patrol of Skinner's Hole, a squalid part of the town near which the school is situated. The story will find appreciative readers amongst both sexes.

"Jim Mortimer", by Warren Bell (Black, 3s. 6d.).

Jim Mortimer is a medical student who on being disinherited by his uncle, a wealthy doctor, starts a practice in South London, where he comes in contact, or rather collision, with the local band of Hooligans. After several encounters they entrap him and nearly kill him. On his recovery he is reconciled to his uncle, and marries his landlord's daughter, a reduced gentlewoman, with whom he has long been in love. This part of the tale is described in the advertisement as a touching love story: we must confess to having found it less poignant. The opening chapters of the book deal with the mafficking adventures of certain Bob Sawyers of to-day, the humour of which somehow seems very thin in cold print. The South London episodes are certainly better, though far below the standard even of Mr. Pett Ridge or Mr. Jacobs. One of the best things in the book is Mr. Gordon Browne's illustration of Jim's surgery, and the admiring crowd at the door.

"Herbert Strang's Annual" (Frowde, 3s. 6d. net and 5s. net). Mr. Strang having won almost instant popularity as a writer of books of adventures, now challenges fortune as an editor. His Annual is not dependent upon stories alone for its attractions. It is apparently intended to take the place left vacant by "Peter Parley's Annual", but it enters a

field in which there are formidable claimants for favour in the shape of Annuals made up of the weekly or monthly parts of old friends among boys' magazines. The new miscellany is however well up to the best alike in its stories, its articles and its illustrations.

#### INTENDED FOR GIRLS.

Girls' books are much of a muchness this year: there is the usual proportion of school stories (average good), love stories (exceedingly and appropriately mild), and tales of physical heroism or social pluck in fighting poverty and the foes it brings with it. Miss Ethel Turner contributes a lively and charming story, with twenty-five very pleasing illustrations by Francis Ewan. The title is "That Girl" (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), and the subject, treated with perhaps less than usual of the whimsical originality that makes Miss Turner sympathetic, is a damsel of startling gifts and a most piteous history. The episodes of the fruit farm and the party frock are absolutely harrowing. The famous actress business is a little conventional no doubt, but the story is interesting all through, and will entrance stage-struck little girls.

"The Silver Hand", by Eliza F. Pollard (Blackie, 2s. 6d.), is a spirited story of adventure, such as Miss Pollard always gives us, thus proving that there need really be no difference in the books written for boys and girls. It is a story of the latter part of the eighteenth century. It opens with the whisperings of Mahratta trouble and the warnings of Ursula Carmichael's nurse and friend that her people are about to attack. Mr. Carmichael is shot, and Ursula disappears to fall into the hands of Scindia, the great Mahratta chief. The narrative follows the course of the historical events of the time, and Ursula's fortunes are mixed up with those of the French, who were of course endeavouring to hold their own in India by intrigue and the support of native chiefs opposed to the English. The mystery of the story turns on a silver hand which is discovered in fulfilment of an ancient prophecy. Miss Pollard does not allow the interest to flag, and the book has a certain value for the young reader as a sidelight on history.

"Nathalie's Chum", by Anna Chapin Ray (Frowde, 3s. 6d. net) is quite worthy of one who has already given proof that she has appropriated to-day the mantle worn by Louisa M. Alcott half a century ago. We do not remember a moral tag throughout this story: yet the whole thing is one long moral which girls who would be little women should lay to their hearts. Nathalie is a very real and a very lovable girl, eager to be the help and confidante of the brother who has to provide a home for his orphaned brothers and sisters. She has some elementary things to learn, such as Mrs. Barrett, the rich lady who made her own dresses, could teach, but if she learns she also teaches. Kingsley Barrett, to whom her brother is tutor, says to her: "Good work tells even on poor material. The mater will assure you that you have knocked some of the nonsense out of me. Keep on knocking". That supplies a clue to part of the story—a story of a brother and sister who are chums, with "another" intervening in such a way that the upshot of events beyond those recorded in the book may easily be imagined by the reader.

"The Five Macleods", by Christina Gowan, Illustrated by James Durden (Frowde, 6s.).

The plot is laid in an out-of-the-way part of Scotland, but "you can bring up five daughters anywhere if you are interested in them" was Mr. Macleod's contention, and how well he succeeded makes a very readable romance. Each of the five girls possesses a clear-cut individuality. The book should especially please older girls who are trying to realise what life really means. Many of those who read it for the story will re-read it for the sound and shrewd common-sense it contains. There is nothing about the book of the unreal and wishy-washy sentimentality which makes so many books for girls so unreadable, even for those for whom they are specially meant. The story is in fact alive with modern interests and developments. One of the girls takes up horticulture as a profession, and the life at one of the Horticultural Colleges (can it be Swanley?) is capitally described. Many parents might with profit read "The Five Macleods". It would show them the impossibility of bringing up their girls on rule of thumb.

Mrs. Edith Cowper is a writer who improves. There is always "something in" her stories. Her new one, "The House with Dragon Gates" (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.), tells of the Jacobite rising of 1745, and the impersonation of her brother by a young girl whose love affairs form a pleasant background to a story above the average. There is little that is machine made or tedious in the scenes, characters or dialogue.

"Holly House and Ridge's Row", by May Baldwin (Chambers, 6s.), is an imposing book, with illustrations by M. V. Wheelhouse. It is really, in the disguise of a tale, an account of an interesting side of London. The girls take walks, and explain all sorts of places, old and new, information as to which Miss Baldwin has collected copiously and gives out again in quite discreet and readable doses.

"Heroine or —?" by I. B. Looker (S.P.C.K., 2s.), is rather a nice little story. A small "nervy" girl is conscious of a certain involuntary cowardice. She conquers it when a real danger to someone else arises, and gets the Humane Society's silver medal. Her father is an officer in the Sudan. His letters from the seat of war, though readable enough, give the book a slightly patchy effect. One very good point it has—the "ladies and gentlemen" are the real article, titles (for once) are correctly used, and manners are normal.

"Bridget of all Work", by Winifred M. Letts (Frowde, 5s.), is bulky and well bound, with dainty coloured pictures by Mr. James Durden. It is a girls' novel, better worth reading than the ruck of grown-up fiction, though that is not saying much. There is a certain quaint and natural touch about it, a spirit of fun and of refinement, that are exceptional. No girl could have saner or sweeter ideals than Bridget, the unpretentious and exceedingly lovable heroine; and the man she eventually marries is even better drawn.

"Cliff House", by A. M. Irvine (Partridge, 2s. 6d.), is profoundly unreal and a little vulgar. The talk in a modern boarding-school for decently well-bred girls is ludicrously unlike the author's picture of it, which has already won severest disapproval from some readers of the age it aims at edifying.

"A Plucky Schoolgirl", by Dorothea Moore (Nisbet, 3s. 6d.), gives a particularly natural picture of one kind of school life. It has a fine little tom-boy heroine, and some episodes of a conventional but convincing nature. The idea of the aching tooth that was to come out "without gas" to gain the five shillings Terry wanted is brilliant. So is the device of the autograph letter. It is a very human little story.

"Christabel", by Mrs. A. G. Latham (Blackie, 3s. 6d.), is a pretty little book, very charmingly illustrated by Paul Hardy. There is one infant in it, called Marybud, who may get on children's nerves with her slightly over-artless prattle. But on the whole "Christabel", in spite of its sentimentality, will do.

"Sylvia in Society" (Unwin, 3s. 6d.) is a reprint of Mrs. George Norman's series of stories in the "Westminster Gazette". Sylvia is a particularly odious, ill-mannered, precocious little American girl, whose sole redeeming quality is a spasmodic generosity. She is daring and mischievous, painfully outspoken, and sometimes amusing, but is not calculated to prepossess one in favour of American childhood.

"A Love Passage", by Harriet Lady Phillimore (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.)—This story of Jamaica in the 'sixties is best described as harmless.

## PRINCES, FAIRIES AND SOME OLD FRIENDS.

'Princes and Princesses', Edited by Andrew Lang (Longmans, 6s.).

Mrs. Lang has at last come to the end of her seemingly inexhaustible supply of fairy stories. At least we have no coloured Fairy Book this year, and when we remember how each winter the same old tales in their varied forms have been served up we cannot pretend to regret that Christmas 1908 brings a change in subject-matter. Mrs. Lang has provided the editor with a series of true stories from history. She makes the lives of Napoleon and the King of Rome, of Frederick (the Great) and Princess Elizabeth and others so interesting that in a way her book affords an answer to her husband's "wonder at kingship" and its fascination. "Certainly", says Mr. Lang in his preface, "the lives of princes and princesses have been full of great adventures, and are rather more interesting to read about than the lives of the sons and daughters of the Presidents of Republics". That is a sentiment to which the young readers of "Princes and Princesses" may be expected readily to subscribe. Seeing the auspices under which the book has been prepared, we are almost astonished that Prince Charles Edward does not appear in the present volume. No doubt Mr. and Mrs. Lang are reserving him for another season. The book is illustrated charmingly as ever by Mr. Henry Ford.

"The Children's Æneid", told from Virgil, in Simple Language, by the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A., with 12 Illustrations in Colour (Seeley, 5s.).

"The Children's Æneid" forms a companion volume to "The Children's Iliad" we noticed last year. It has the same merits and defects as its predecessor. The coloured illustrations are excellent, but the story-telling, though

straightforward and unaffected, has little of the colour and picturesqueness of the original, and much of the Virgilian pathos has also been lost in the transmutation. Still for very small children the volume no doubt will prove a useful addition to the increasing number of Biblia Innocentium. We are glad to note the quantities are marked in some cases. This is very necessary with the growing neglect of Latin.

"Children of the Dawn: Tales of Old Greece", by Elsie Buckley (Wells Gardner, 6s.).—These are unusually well-written versions of the stories of Atalanta, Eros and Psyche, Hero and Leander, and other Greek legends, the beauty and poetry of which are preserved, while the tales are told in a manner suitable for children. The book is illustrated in a Leighton-like manner by Frank Papé, and is altogether an admirable production.

Some of the most imposing gift books this year are Shakespeare's plays. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Heinemann, 15s. net) is illustrated and in a way interpreted by Arthur Rackham in his somewhat fantastic but delightful fashion; "The Tempest" is illustrated in colours by E. Dulac (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net), and by Paul Woodroffe (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net). The number of the pictures given is one of the features of these handsome books. Mr. Dulac enters skilfully into the spirit of "The Tempest". Mr. Woodroffe's illustrations are pretty and effective, if not of remarkable merit or originality. We wonder why he chose to make a picture of "Full fathom five thy father lies; Of his bones are coral made". The exquisite imagery of the words is untransferable in a picture, and in no way represented by a skeleton under water.

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" (Nelson, 6s. net).—Having lost her legal rights by the effluxion of time, Alice is still wandering. She came to us last year under new auspices, and she appears this year with illustrated introductions by Mr. Harry Rountree. The pictures are very numerous and quaint and will delight the child who meets Alice for the first time this Christmas. But Mr. Rountree's Alice is not ours any more than we imagine she would have been either Lewis Carroll's or Sir John Tenniel's. However, all this rivalry to present her afresh is but fresh tribute to the genius of her creator. Another and much smaller edition of "Alice", but equally unlike the old, is illustrated by W. H. Walker (Lane, 2s. 6d. net).

In "Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes" (Blackie, 5s.) Mr. Walter Jerrold has got together a substantial collection of "the good old nursery rhymes"—as he says probably "the biggest collection" children have ever seen. They are illustrated by Mr. John Hassall in his inimitable way, and Jack and Jill, Little Jack Horner, Little Jack Spratt, and all the other small Jacks familiar in these rhymes will bring fresh delight to the autocrats to whom Mr. Jerrold introduces some of them perhaps for the first time.

Children with a taste for simple and pretty verse will welcome a new edition of "A Child's Garden of Verses", by R. L. Stevenson (Chatto & Windus, 5s. net) and "Yesterday's Children", by Githa Sowerby (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d. net). Both are effectively illustrated in colours by Millicent Sowerby, who seems however to have been rather more uniformly successful in interpreting her sister's lines than in grasping some of the occasionally more subtle delicacies of Stevenson's. Another edition of "A Child's Garden of Verses" (Lane, 5s.) is beautifully illustrated by Charles Robinson.

One of the most popular books this season will be "The Pinafore Picture Book" (Bell, 5s. net), in which Sir William S. Gilbert tells the story of "H.M.S. Pinafore". Illustrated by Miss Alice B. Woodward, it will afford pleasure not only to the children whose "careful Papas and Mamas", as Sir William says, are never taken to the theatre, but to most people who have seen the play itself. Sir William is careful to state, in order not to deceive his young readers, that the story is entirely imaginary.

"The Dwindleberry Zoo", by G. E. Farrow (Blackie, 5s.), is less successful though of more solid bulk than the author's former stories. By means of a berry which reduces his size, Roderick enters a garden inhabited by animals escaped from the Zoo, and becomes involved in their political vicissitudes. It is just a little dull, though some of the ideas are ingenious, and the illustrations by Gordon Browne quite excellent.

"Fairies—of Sorts", by Mrs. Molesworth (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.), is a collection of stories suitable for little girls. The fairy element is very slight, and the tales are of good and naughty little girls' every-day doings, of the kind familiar to Mrs. Molesworth's admirers.

"Jewish Fairy Tales and Fables", by Aunt Naomi (Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.), is a nice little gift-book for children whose parents will not resent insistence on their nationality. Personally we

should not dare to offer it to any child, even if its name were Isaacs. We should reserve it for undoubted Christians. The illustrations in black and white by E. Strettell and J. Marks are adequate if not remarkable.

"Fairy Tales from South Africa", Collected from Native Sources and Arranged by Mrs. Bourhill and Mrs. Drake (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.), curiously resemble European stories. Most of them were told by Swazis and Zulus to a circle of listeners by the light of a huge fire, the best story-teller being usually a woman with children and grandchildren. It is a book well worth getting for an intelligent child, who will be interested in these strange variants of well-known fables, and in the description of native ways.

"The Fairies' Fountain", by the Countess Evelyn Cesaresco (Fairbairns, 5s.), is a prettily got-up book, with delightful illustrations by Charles Robinson in black and white. The stories are charming and imaginative, told in quite the right manner.

"The House of Arden", by E. Nesbit (Unwin, 6s.), is no less delightful than the author's previous books. It is slightly historical, but not too much so, and is altogether a desirable gift-book. It is copiously and effectively illustrated by H. R. Millar.

"Reynard the Fox" (Heinemann, 1s. 6d.) is a reprint slightly modernised by Thomas Cartwright of the old fable printed by Caxton in the fifteenth century. It is an ingenious merry tale, and the illustrations, after Kaulbach, of more than usual merit.

"The Little Maid who Danced to Every Mood" (Duckworth, 2s. 6d.).—This is a slender book of two pleasant stories, translated from the Swedish of Helena Nyblom by A. W. James, and prettily illustrated by Agnes Stringer and D. Andrewes.

"The Russian Fairy Book", Translated by Nathan Haskell Dale (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), is an extremely handsome book, gorgeously illustrated in colour, and unusually expensive-looking for the price. The stories are typically Russian, and perhaps a little vague and mystical, but quite interesting and readable.

"The Wind in the Willows", by Kenneth Grahame (Methuen, 6s.), will delight not only all intelligent children, especially boys, but grown-ups. Mr. Grahame does not take us into the animal world in the way of Mr. Roberts or Rudyard Kipling or Seton Thompson. His rat, toad, and mole are very human in their behaviour, and remind us rather of undergraduates of sporting proclivities. They are nevertheless fascinating, engrossing, entertaining beings, and the descriptions of wood and river life at the different seasons of the year are sensitive, delicate, and poetic.

"The Little City of Hope" (Macmillan, 5s.) is a reprint, with illustrations in colour by A. S. Hartrich, of Mr. Marion Crawford's beautiful little tale published last year. It is altogether an admirable story, exquisite in feeling, and full of engrossing interest. Any boy, especially one of an inventive turn of mind, will delight in the book, and it should be placed first on every list of Christmas gifts.

In "Anne's Terrible Good Nature", by E. V. Lucas (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), we have a collection of stories delightful in their humour. The book is perfectly admirable for children. Boys will enjoy the story of Roderick, aged ten, who bowled out C. B. Fry, but the book is on the whole more suitable to girls.

"Recueil de Contes de Grimm" (Siegle, Hill, 1s.) is a fairly successful French version of six well-known fairy tales. Mr. Gilbert James' illustrations are gay, but a little careless.

Mr. Victor A. Purcell's "In the Heart of Makebelieland" (Drane, 3s. 6d.) has humour; the adventures of the children in their little world of unreality are at least novel, and will amuse the small person who has not "Alice" at command.

"Margery Bedford and Her Friends", by Mrs. M. H. Spielmann, illustrated by Gordon Browne (Chatto and Windus, 5s.).—Margery Redford is a juvenile Sherlock Holmes, and displays extraordinary and unchildlike ingenuity in the detection of thieves and the elucidation of mysteries. She is not altogether prepossessing, but it is possible that her adventures will be found most entertaining by juvenile readers, as children usually delight in any kind of detective story.

"Peep-in-the-World", by F. E. Crichton (Arnold, 3s. 6d.), is a pleasant, peaceful little tale for small girls of a child who goes to visit her uncle at his castle in Germany.

"Little Peter", by Lucas Malet (Frowde—Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), is a "Christmas Morality for Children of Any Age".

## MR. MURRAY'S LIST.

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The third volume of the new authorized edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "History of Italian Painting" has just been published by Mr. Murray. This volume treats of the early Masters of the Siennese, Umbrian, and North Italian Schools. The learned authors have left behind them a carefully revised manuscript of this volume, containing most important additions and emendations.

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The "Century" May-October, 1908 (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net), is full of the good things in the way of essay, story, and illustration which we always expect from the magazine; *The Girl's Realm*, 1908 (Cassell, 8s.) contains useful papers, many amusing sketches and some good stories, and not a little of the forcible-feeble variety of fiction that is supposed to be suitable for girls.

In the week of the Milton Tercentenary we may call attention to the issue by the British Museum of *Facsimiles of Milton Autographs and Documents* in the Museum. Amongst these are a facsimile of a page of his commonplace book, the first leaf of his Bible with the names of his family, and the deed of the sale of the copyright of "Paradise Lost". They are to be had at the Museum at the price of one shilling.

Sutton's new catalogue—"The Amateur's Guide for 1909"—is well worth study. It is divided about equally between vegetables and flowers. The firm's success in pea and potato culture in particular should at least induce the gardener who is making his arrangements for the spring to send for the catalogue, which is "got up" as attractively as usual.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. John Murray will publish early in January the "Life of Lord Norton" (the Right Honourable Sir Charles Adderley K.C.M.G.), 1814-1905, Statesman and Philanthropist, by William S. Child-Pemberton. Material for the book has been gleaned chiefly from Lord Norton's own memoranda and from his private correspondence with distinguished personages of the Victorian Age. The Life should be of considerable colonial interest.

Messrs. Longmans have in the press "Unemployment: A Problem of Industry", by W. H. Beveridge, Stowell Civil Law Fellow of University College, Oxford.

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Mr. Cunninghame Graham's new book, "Alvarez, and Other Stories", is on Messrs. Duckworth's January list. For Messrs. Duckworth's Popular Library of Art Mr. G. K. Chesterton has prepared a volume on Blake.

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"The Kalendar of Shepherds"—being devices for the twelve months—has been prepared in facsimile, and edited by Mr. A. H. Diplock, from "Le Grant Kalendrier et Compost des Bergiers," printed at Troyes in 1529, and will be published by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson.

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dent return of a Democratic majority to Congress would, for the first time in the history of the United States, render it possible to redeem the American working man, by national legislation, from the thralldom of an industrial system which protects everything but the life of the worker, and which the pretentiousness and arrogance of trade-unionism have hitherto done so little to alleviate or improve. It is dreadful to be told by the report of the Inter-state Commerce Commission that in one year (ending June 1908) of the employees on American railways 3358 were killed and 56,344 injured. Almost all our great manufacturing concerns are Juggernauts, and with every passing month the horrible tribute is augmented. With Bryan in the White House there would be at least the assurance of sympathy toward restrictive legislation in this respect; but the working classes seem to have blindly rejected this their first opportunity, the majority having voted as they live, ventre à terre, influenced by the presages of commercial panic and perhaps by the half-heartedness and treachery of some of their own leaders.

For many years to come neither of the two great political parties will deem it worth while to waste their energies in conciliating the trade federations, whose weakness and imbecility have been so conclusively demonstrated, the probable result being not the development of a Labour party but the translation to that inchoate thing called Socialism of the comparatively few workers who are what is termed "class conscious"—that is, who are unable to purchase motor-cars and wear diamonds in their shirt-fronts as commercial travellers ("drummers") do.

There is yet another reason for the Democratic ecrasement that is not without significance—I mean the very general defection ascribed to the Irish-Americans. Of the constraining influence that effected this almost miraculous change one may note that the people are beginning to regard it as the addition of a new bogle to the pandemonium of politics, a bogle that may yet transcend even the ugly race problem in frightful potentialities. From what Cowley terms "the mountain top of his exalted wit" Bacon bequeathed to his countrymen a canon for securing and maintaining the fabric of empire and greatness, but the English people seem to have forgotten or disdained to observe his rules in an unnatural lethargy, resting all upon a mere portion of their dowsy, the doubtful "vantage of strength at sea". Here, in the United States, the peril before us is of quite another nature, but in both cases the result may prove repugnant to progress and liberty.

Yours faithfully,

M. C. O'BYRNE J.P.

#### EVENING-SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Harcourt Road, Sheffield,  
5 December 1908.

SIR,—There is a growing tendency to make the evening school compulsory as a means for lessening the evils of unemployment. This tendency is to be welcomed as a tribute to the usefulness of institutions which keep youths in condition, mentally and morally, during the period of provisional and tentative employment which falls to the lot of the majority of boys who leave the elementary schools; but as a practical policy it has its drawbacks, and the following figures relating to one of the smaller county boroughs of Yorkshire ought, if they are typical, to suggest that the evening school is winning its way without the help of compulsion.

Last session there was an increase of sixty per cent. in the number of boys who joined the evening school immediately upon leaving the day school; in the previous year one in five had done so, last year one in three joined; while as regards the girls the figures are still more remarkable: one in five last year, as against one in ten for the year before, an increase of a hundred per cent. Of the girls who leave school eighty per cent. remain at home; and if their day schooling cannot be continued longer, efforts should be made to bring them into evening domestic courses—which might well be largely in the

hands of the married woman teachers, whom an increasing number of authorities are now refusing to employ in their day schools.

If employers in need of boys sought them at the hands of the school authorities, and so fixed their hours as to render their attendance at evening schools possible, the voluntary evening-school attendance would increase rapidly, for employees would see that school and employer were working together, and employers would gain doubly: first, by securing a boy fresh from school before he had had time to degenerate at the street corner, and, again, because the habits fostered at evening school and the actual knowledge obtained there ought to increase the effectiveness of an employee—whose habit of study has moreover remained unbroken from early childhood.

Lastly, if each elementary school became a juvenile employment bureau—as it should—employers who take on boys simply to discard them later might find a greater difficulty than they now experience in securing the boys they need. The London Education Authority issues circulars, I believe, to the parents of boys about to leave school drawing attention to the need for boys to enter upon work of a permanent nature and giving information about quarters where such work is to be obtained.

As regards the suitability of the elementary-school curriculum to the needs of the moment, it is of interest to note that although the industrial schools are recruited from the least promising material—truant and the like—yet, according to Lord Henry Bentinck's statement at a recent conference held at the L.C.C. offices of the Apprenticeship and Skilled Employment Association, the percentage of unemployment among ex-industrial school-boys is only four, because apparently the course is on the whole practical and largely manual, whereas the elementary-school course is chiefly "literary".

I remain, yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

#### THE ST. GILES' CHRISTIAN MISSION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

4 Ampton Street, Regent Square W.C.  
9 December 1908.

SIR,—For forty-nine years this Mission has been engaged in relieving the distress of poor families, in visiting the sick and uplifting the fallen. The care of little children, the assistance of prisoners' wives and children, discharged prisoners, providing free breakfasts at prison gates, and the reception of juvenile offenders into our Homes, are all branches of our work.

To meet the very heavy demands made upon our resources I shall be very grateful for the assistance of your readers to enable us to provide Christmas dinners, clothing, firing, &c., &c., for deserving cases. Cheques and postal orders, crossed Messrs. Barclay & Co., will be acknowledged, and I shall also be thankful for any article of clothing, blankets, &c.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

WM. WHEATLEY, Superintendent.

#### "ROMANIST" AND "ROMANISM".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

S. Saviour's Hospital, Osnaburgh Street N.W.  
5 December 1908.

SIR,—I for one would be very glad if Roman Catholics would agree about the designation they would prefer. Many of them object very strongly to the term "Roman Catholic". Dr. Lingard refused to adopt it. The Right Rev. Dr. Hornihold, on the other hand, in his Catechism even used the expression "the Romish Faith". In the later years of his life Dr. Pusey used the terms "Roman" and "Roman Catholic". In his earlier works the terms "Roman", "Romanist", and "Romanism" abound. Mr. Gladstone said that since the Vatican decree of 1870 "Popery appears now to be perhaps the only name which describes at once with point and with accuracy the religion promulgated" at that time. No doubt a monopoly of the term "Catholic" is striven for, but of course Anglicans cannot concede this. Yours faithfully, ARTHUR BRINCKMAN.

## REVIEWS.

## FROM GRAMMAR TO HUMANISM.

"A History of Classical Scholarship." By J. E. Sandys. Vols. II. and III. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1908. 8s. 6d. net each.

SOME five years ago we reviewed in these columns the first volume of Dr. Sandys' remarkable work. The present volumes, which bring down the history to as late a date as is permitted by the author's evident decision to exclude living men from his survey, are not only an adequate completion of the striking enterprise. They far surpass the first volume in interest and significance. Not that Dr. Sandys has in any degree outstepped the method originally proposed. Terseness, a clear unambitious narrative style, and a plain chronological order (subject, of course, to rational divisions of the subject), are again most properly observed as first principles for a work of this aim and scope. Compilation, however, is not always a mechanical exercise; and Dr. Sandys here proves himself to be one of those rare persons who by dint of restrained enthusiasm and a nice sense of proportion have imparted to plain chronicle the total effect of a creative achievement. Our meaning will be clear when we say that no reader of ordinarily good education could have imagined, before seeing these volumes, how close has been the connexion of classical scholarship, since the revival of learning, with the general evolution of modern culture; how essentially the principles underlying that evolution have been reflected and typified in the development of what we are apt to regard as purely academic studies. Our modern habit is to view scholastic "learning" with suspicion. "A learned man", says the paradoxical but genuine exponent of present-day philosophy, "is an idler who kills time with study. Beware of his false knowledge, it is more dangerous than ignorance." And even for minds less committed to a revolutionary standpoint it has become instinctive, nowadays, to see no more than a provisional importance in scholarship; to admit the gymnastic value of scholarly pursuits, perhaps also their interest and fascination as mental games, but at the same time to allow them no significance whatever in the broader issues of life and thought. Minds thus disposed may suck from these volumes no small advantage. Dr. Sandys has had no recourse to eloquence or colour. He has simply unrolled, with propriety and judgment, a sober but astonishing record. How far it be true that classical scholarship is now a sterile plant, artificially fostered and cut off from the original fountains of human activity, we are not at pains to argue. The record before us is proof enough, for everybody but the stone blind, that in ages past (at least) the monumental exertions of the scholar have sprung immediately from the common enthusiasms of whole races, and have embodied—no less directly than the work of poets and painters, saints and reformers—the vital energies of growing communities and fermenting epochs.

At once an integral portion and a true index of the Renaissance, classical scholarship, as it emerges from the dry light of scholasticism, takes on a tinge of romance. No longer the exercise of generations for whom thought equally with language was primarily determined by formal considerations, it embodies the new spirit of curiosity, unbridled ingenuity, and humane enthusiasm. We read that Petrarch, unlike the mediævals, appreciatively quotes the lyrical no less than the other parts of Horace; that he made a hobby of searching in monasteries wherever he travelled for the lost books of Cicero, and actually found not only two speeches at Liège, but a large portion of the Letters at Verona. More delightful still, he at once writes to Cicero himself on the subject; and on receiving from some friend an Homeric manuscript, he forthwith addresses to Homer a letter of joy, in spite of the fact that Greek is as yet unfamiliar to him. Livy, that essentially "modern" historian, was dear to Petrarch; Ovid he did not care for on the strictly human ground that he finds him too frivolous. Boccaccio copies out Terence with his own hand; and the mythological

fancies of ancient poets are imbibed as true imaginative sustenance by this original and typically creative mind of the new Europe. The recovery of manuscripts became a passion, and pompous obsequies, in the great cathedrals of Italy, attended the deaths of successful discoverers. A painter so intimately expressive of his own age as Mantegna appears as member of an antiquarian confraternity who set out crowned with ivy and myrtle to copy ancient inscriptions, and return from a successful hunt to give thanks in a little church on "sweet Catullus' all-but-island", Sirmio. At Mantua itself, under Vittorino (as early as 1425), was established a school of sixty or seventy eager students, devoted to Greek no less than to Latin authors. Nicholas V., who as Pope did so much alike for classical learning and for contemporary architecture, in his youth had attended at Florence the lectures of Filelfo, whose audiences were something like four hundred in number. Politian, "probably the first teacher in Italy whose mastery of Greek was equal to that of the Greek immigrants", denounced the Latinists who slavishly aped Cicero, and in reply to the objection that his own style did not express Cicero has this astonishingly modern retort—"I answer: 'I am not Cicero; what I really express is myself'". But this self-expression, for men of the great age in Italy, was profoundly imbued with the classical tincture, so that even official documents of the papacy, in such hands as those of Cardinal Bembo, instinctively borrow pre-Christian phraseology from the fountain heads of Latin style. The whole story of revived learning in Italy, if it proves anything, proves that scholarship was no exotic culture, but a vehicle of living ideas. So far from neglecting their own tongue, the great scholars were inspired by classical example to glorify and enrich it. There was no divorce between classical and native eloquence in the golden period of scholarship. "Hoc", says Cardinal Bembo himself of the Italian language,

"Hoc uti ut valeas, tibi videndum est;  
ne dum marmoreas remota in ora  
sumptu construis et labore villas,  
domi te calamo tegas palustri".

Here, daintily expounded, is the same spirit and no other which prompted every painter to utter his imagination, whether pagan or mystical, solemn or elegant, in terms of his own familiar landscape and people.

\* How far the realm of scholarship had been redeemed from arid grammaticism is visible in the works of Erasmus—not only in the living humour of his "Colloquies", but in the strictly scholastic publications, where he relieves his contributions to learning by modern instances and trenchant allusions that recall the occasional but priceless gems of satire in Johnson's Dictionary. He invests the study of syntax with a rational and philosophic attractiveness. That the eternal conflict of spirit with letter, humanist with pedant, was in evidence then as now is plain from the robust satire of Rabelais, but no less is it plain that scholarship itself was a large and inspiring ingredient in the creation of that coarse, gorgeous, and enormously vital genius. It was on a substratum of classical learning pure and simple that Montaigne erected his subtle edifice of modernity and benign scepticism. No writer is nearer to the present day; he speaks the inward division of thought, the tolerant curiosity and nice critical instinct, which belong to every age of intellectual transition; yet his library was almost entirely "classical" in character, and certainly due entirely to the efforts of classical researchers, editors and printers. The great scholars, in fact, were great men. When Scaliger was captured by the Leyden University his "disinclination to lecture was respected"; we read that "his living and inspiring presence" was the thing desired by the authorities. Equally significant of the broader and more philosophic view of learning is Casaubon's comment, when shown the hall of the Sorbonne, "où il y a quatre cent ans qu'on dispute". "Où a-t-on décidé?" asked he.

Even the Elizabethan age in England, with its peculiarly indigenous and native fruitfulness, cannot be understood without reference to the annals of scholar-

ship. It may be true that translations rather than reading in the original had most to do with those classical reminiscences wherewith English poetry and drama of that age abound; but these pages bring home to us what we must always remember, that the life and communicative fire of the translations was largely attributable to the presence of genuine, ardent, and talkative classical scholars. Pattison's remark, here quoted, that Milton's Latin poems are "a vehicle of real emotion", we cannot accept. Spiritually and really, Milton's English verse is much more classical than his Latin. Milton's place in the history of classical scholarship is unique, because his whole contribution to literature, both as poet and as political philosopher, is a direct graft on to English stock from classical reading. His poetry is the sublimation of scholarship; it would hardly be extravagant to say that in the whole world Milton is the one instance of a great poet who derived from study of authors the inspiration which he could not find in life and humanity.

During the last two centuries scholarship in England has had very diverse monuments—from the textual and linguistic achievements of Bentley, Porson, and Shilleto, to the grand style of Gibbon (uniting the ceremonial presence of a Cicero with the biting intellectuality of a Tacitus), or the deft prolusions of Calverley, redolent of Hybla but apparently considered unworthy of mention in these pages. The true importance of modern classical scholarship, however, is discernible in other countries than our own, where its development has more and more incorporated the wider mental activities. Archaeology, history, and philosophy, above all the study of art, have kept scholarship really alive as an instrument of culture compatible with the extent of modern interests. It is to names like Winckelmann, Lessing, Wolf, and Mommsen that glory is mainly due for that sense of continuity between ancient and modern life, literature, and art, which at length has shown signs of penetrating our English academic groves. When we have had our quite legitimate little joke at the expense of German commentators, it behoves us to remember that Germany, after all, has been the source of inspiration for all that is most permanent in classical scholarship. To apply to the classical writers the same instrument of criticism which we should apply to contemporaries; to see all forms of art as different modes in the expression of a common mind; to deduce from ancient history precisely those canons which are important in dealing with present issues: these are the fountain principles by which classical scholarship is fructified for the general culture of mankind, and we owe them chiefly to German genius.

In its own line the value of this completed work can hardly be overestimated. We have only to add that the chronological tables here are no less excellent and various than before, and that both books are embellished by fascinating and well-produced portraits.

#### SLAPDASH HISTORY.

"Venetia and Northern Italy." By Cecil Headlam. Illustrated by Gordon Home. London: Dent. 1908. 7s. 6d.

THIS volume is the second of a series of old-world travel destined, according to the publisher's announcement, to do for countries and districts what the well-known mediæval-town series has done for cities. The author has considerable knowledge and has used very considerable diligence; his style flows pleasantly enough and rarely jars; his observation is keen, and his art judgments are often both penetrating and just. The book will serve to recall pleasant places to those who have travelled in Italy, and some of its pages will recall incidents in Italian history to those who have already studied the subject. But when we ask ourselves what the general reader who may never even have been in Italy and has but a confused smattering of the kaleidoscopic history of Italy, when we ask ourselves what such a one may think of this book, we are constrained in candour to confess that he is likely to give up

the task of reading it to the end. To tell the truth, in what should be a thrilling history there is scarce a single thrill. And throughout there is the assumption that the reader is well-informed enough to be content with generalisation and the allusive method of writing history. In such a series, indeed in any sober book, the reader is entitled to guidance and a full systematic statement of facts. Not once in this bulky volume is chapter and verse added to the references, which in any case are sparse enough; names like "Symonds", "Ruskin", "Molmenti", "Noyes", are dumped down tout court as all-sufficient after quotations cited; even these writers, if they are authorities, are not sources. Whence does the web which the author so flowingly spins have its origin and point of departure? We are not once made aware of this, and Mr. Headlam consequently entirely loses his opportunity of really educating his reader. Even when he makes such important statements as that there were Popes who "laughed at the Sacraments they administered" (p. 235), and that Abelard was burnt alive solely because he "preached the doctrine of a pure priesthood devoted to poverty and religion" (p. 327), he does not feel the necessity of giving instances and proofs. An historical work that gives no references is difficult to take seriously.

We have, however, carefully read Mr. Headlam's book. How far it may be accurate we do not pretend, in the absence of references, to say; but when he describes (p. 244) a representation of the extremely familiar miracle of S. Anthony of Padua, in which a hungry mule (or horse) refuses his oats to adore the Blessed Sacrament, as "the refusal of a sceptic's mule to eat a sacred wafer", we are ready at once to believe him capable of any bêtise. There is an occasional want of serenity of judgment, notably where the author treats of Sigismondo Malatesta. The great Lord of Rimini is roundly accused of having murdered "three wives in succession", but as one of his three wives survived him that reduces the murders to two, while the weight of the available evidence is entirely against his having "murdered" any of them. We are told that the famous Tempio di Rimini is "devoted wholly to the worship of art", that there are chapels therein where Sigismondo and Isotta are "sanctified" (!); and we take it that the author would seriously have us believe that the Christian Sigismondo, with pagan profanity, made a mock shrine of Isotta's tomb. Such a farrago of ideas could only be properly described by some monosyllabic expletive.

Many of Mr. Home's colour illustrations are charming; all are full of feeling. The black-and-white illustrations attract us even more. Devoid of all cross-hatching, there is a clean-cut grace about them that is entirely refreshing. But on the cover of the book glares a ghastly solecism—we are not attributing it to him—the Italian tricolour thrown upon a shield and turned into a coat of arms! When will decorators learn never to present a shield anywhere without first getting proper expert opinion on its correctness?

#### SI QUA FATA ASPERA—

"The Christ of Toro, and other Stories." By Gabriela Cunningham Graham. London: Nash. 1908. 6s.

A MELANCHOLY interest fills this volume. The brilliant and talented writer, the wife of an equally brilliant and talented writer, died just as she had reached the full maturity of very remarkable literary powers. She will live by her life of S. Teresa and translations from S. John of the Cross. Her whole soul had become absorbed in the presentation and exposition of mysticism. These sketches and stories, which her husband has collected together with a reverent hand, show that she might have gone far in fiction in that most difficult of all its forms, a religious romance. Some of the sketches are slight and of unequal merit; but all the stories are strong, and when we reach the end we come in "How Juan Ramon Joined the Order" to a story of quite exceptional strength, pathos, and originality. This is one of the most perfect short stories we have

read for a long time. We are told in the preface that it was "recast a dozen times before it took its present shape", and yet, so perfect is the art, there is not the faintest trace of effort in the writing. The story tells how in a certain conventual register may be seen, first, the entry of the death, then of the reception to the novitiate after death, of a young Spaniard. How such a thing might be we are not going to say. The story is a fine work of the imagination, and the book fills us with regret that Mrs. Graham should not have left us on a larger canvas a picture of modern Spanish life especially in its relations to religion. But by going back to S. Teresa and S. John of the Cross she has no doubt chosen the better part.

#### BOOK-MAKING AD NAUSEAM.

- "The Sisters of Napoleon." By Joseph Turquan. Translated and Edited by W. R. N. Trowbridge. London: Fisher Unwin. 1908. 15s. net.
- "The Women Bonapartes." By H. Noel Williams. 2 vols. London: Methuen. 1908. 24s. net.
- "Madame Elizabeth de France." By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. London: Arnold. 1908. 12s. 6d. net.
- "The Real Ninon de L'Enclos." By Helen Kendrick Hayes. London: Sisley's. 1908. 7s. 6d. net.
- "The Men in the Mask." By A. S. Barnes. London: Smith, Elder. 1908. 10s. 6d. net.

OF all the hack-work of literature there is none so sorry as the manufacture of books about historical personages, and there is no history so easy to exploit in this way as that of France. This has of course already been done in legitimate fashion by Dumas, whose best romances are an inimitable mingling of brilliant and original dialogue with actual transcript from historical records, for there exists an unrivalled series of memoirs written by the men and women who have figured in French chronicles. The peculiar genius of French writers has also led them to adorn their literature with monographs, dealing with almost every famous man and woman in their history, which are not only models of brilliant writing but monuments of patient and accurate research. It is therefore not difficult to understand why the crew of shameless book-makers whose productions pour from our press in an ever-increasing stream find their predestined victims among the names, great or infamous, of French history. We have grouped together several books, all of which we could well spare, not because we might not have found others in as bad case, but because these are particularly instructive instances of the exploitation of foreign work by English hands. Some of the writers are old and hardened offenders in this inglorious line. Mr. Noel Williams has already made himself responsible for nine books dealing with royal mistresses or ladies of even less lasting connexions. Mr. Trowbridge has also already adorned the literature of his country with volumes on "Court Beauties", "Splendid Sinners", and the like. On this occasion he is contented to translate and edit a volume on Napoleon's sisters by M. Turquan, but he covers the same ground as Mr. Noel Williams, whose work would clearly never have seen the light if M. Masson's exhaustive works dealing with the Buonapartes had not supplied him with his materials. He also admits some indebtedness to M. Turquan, and it is unfortunate for him that Mr. Trowbridge should have scented the same quarry at the same time. If we have to choose between the two we think we prefer Mr. Trowbridge's translation to Mr. Noel Williams' réchauffé. Nothing could make the story of the Buonaparte family uninteresting. They were, as Taine points out, in fact a survival of the Renaissance in their morals and views of life. The famous reply of Pauline Borghese when asked how she could endure sitting naked to Canova for his "Venus Victrix", "There was a fire in the studio", illustrates the indifference towards all the proprieties which marked the family. But

Pauline's riotous profligacy is less repulsive than the treachery and ingratitude of her sisters; she had a real affection for Napoleon. Elisa and Caroline might have vied with the Borgias in fratricidal selfishness. They were neither lovely nor pleasant in their lives; but thoroughly to understand the career of their great brother it is necessary to know something about them; and anyone who desires to do so at first-hand will turn to M. Masson, where he will find style combined with masterly management of materials. Mr. Noel Williams has neither.

Another kind of Frenchwoman is exploited by Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. The career of Madame Elizabeth is one of the most pathetic in history, and has already been thoroughly exhausted by competent French writers. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott's style is far from attractive, as the following sentence will show: "During the marriage festivities, which lasted for some days, we find Madame Elizabeth's name among those of the rest of the Royal Family who took part in them, but with no special reference to her feelings until the day of parting, when she could not tear herself from her sister's arms". Madame Elizabeth is a gracious figure, but the only part of her life which justifies biography begins with the flight to Varennes, and was closely interwoven with the misfortunes of the rest of the Royal Family, which we can read of in many volumes elsewhere. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott simply reproduces the well-known story of the "Capets" in the Temple and the last hours of Louis and Marie Antoinette, and does not retail her materials well.

In "Ninon de L'Enclos" we return to the well-trodden ground which finds such favour with the exploiters of French history. The amorous adventures of famous demi-mondaines will always meet with an appreciative public of a kind. Miss Hayes in this case has endeavoured to adapt her style to her subject and, to use her own phrase regarding Ninon's boudoir, "breathes forth voluptuousness". Indeed, she spares us nothing, and by the time Ninon has reached eighty we have had quite enough of it. This is the kind of writing we have to endure: "'Not all your arts will accomplish it; you must—you shall be mine'". As he spoke passion worked its will with him, and he was allowing himself to be completely carried away by his ardour, ready to

(Continued on page 736.)

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resort to the supreme end. 'Stop', cried Ninon, in tones of the deepest horror", &c., &c. We hardly need pursue this book further except to say that no references are given to authorities for the statements it contains.

Monsignor Barnes has produced a work of a somewhat different class from those we have already dealt with. It is not merely the result of gutting the works of others, and may make some claim to originality; but he seems to have forgotten the excellent advice tendered by Lord Beaconsfield to the young man setting out in life: "Never enquire who the Man in the Iron Mask was, or you will be thought a bore". M. Funck-Brentano, the keeper of the Bastille archives, has argued with great acumen and strong documentary evidence that the prisoner was Mattioli, the Minister of Charles IV., Duke of Mantua. Monsignor Barnes would have us believe that he was a son of our own Charles II. Dumas said he was the real Louis XIV., but the world in general is thoroughly sick of the subject and would willingly let it die if Monsignor Barnes would allow it.

These books contain illustrations, some good and many indifferent, but in all cases they excel the letter-press.

#### NEW TESTAMENT THEOLOGY.

"The Four Gospels in the Earliest Church History." By T. Nicol. (The Baird Lecture for 1907.) London: Blackwood. 1908. 7s. 6d. net.

There has been an inclination lately among critics to lay less stress upon the external evidence to the authenticity of the Gospels, and more on the internal evidence of the books themselves. And with this we have much sympathy; there is something fragmentary and fortuitous about external evidence; we can only argue from the data we have, and they may be very few and slight, possibly an infinitesimal fraction of the whole. It is bold to maintain that "Papias does not know" of this or that, when all we have of him is a few lines quoted by another writer. Reference to, or quotation of, a New Testament book in an early ecclesiastical author proves that he knew and used the book; but absence of reference by no means proves that he was ignorant of it; he may have referred to it often enough in some book now lost, or there may be a hundred reasons why he did not quote it. We are arguing in the dark, or at the best in a half light, and cannot tell how the facts would look if the light were turned on full. In estimating internal evidence we have more data, and as a rule better materials for judgment; the danger here is that the subjective element has too large a sway; trifles light as air are to the critic confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ. A consideration of the external evidence to the Gospels such as Dr. Nicol has given us in this book is something off the usual track of New Testament criticism; it has with it an air of freshness, almost of surprise; we have not read much on the subject lately save in detached notes on the individual Gospels, or in special chapters of some History of the Canon. And certainly the author, who writes from a conservative standpoint, has succeeded in showing us how extraordinarily strong, early, and consistent is the external evidence to our Gospels; he has done his work thoroughly, and brought it well up to date. We may maintain, if we like, that our Gospels contain an idealised and untrustworthy account of our Lord and His teaching; we cannot but admit that the Church from the very earliest times believed those accounts to be authoritative and true.

"St. Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians and to the Corinthians." A New Translation. By the late W. G. Rutherford. With a Prefatory Note by Spencer Wilkinson. London: Macmillan. 1908. 3s. 6d. net.

Readers who possess Dr. Rutherford's vigorous translation of the Epistle to the Romans will welcome this further contribution, regretting only that the gifted author did not live to complete his version of 2 Corinthians. A translation of St. Paul's Epistles is of necessity something of an interpretation and commentary as well; the translator cannot help expressing his own views as to what St. Paul must have meant. And thus the translation in this book conveys from time to time Dr. Rutherford's own views as to the text of the Epistles, or the interpretation of that text; and his view of what is meant by "baptizing for the dead" will not commend itself to many students. His work should be read along with the Revised or Authorised Version, and the original Greek; then it is instructive and illuminating. Used by itself it is disappointing; with all its splendid scholarship and religious fervour, it lacks the swing and majesty of biblical English; it would not do for reading aloud; witness the passage in 2 Cor. iv. 17, which runs, "A

featherweight of suffering borne for the moment purchases for us, unsurpassed in kind and in degree, a substantiality of glory, enduring for all time"; even the Revised Version runs better than that. Not the least interesting part of the volume is Mr. Spencer Wilkinson's introductory sketch of Dr. Rutherford's life. All who knew him even a little, and had seen the "smile serene and high" on his noble face, will be thankful for this appreciative little biography of a fine character.

"The Apocalypse of St. John, i.-iii.: the Greek Text, with Introduction, Commentary, and Additional Notes. By the late F. J. A. Hort. London: Macmillan. 1908. 5s.

This book contains an introduction to the Apocalypse, with a commentary on the first three chapters. It represents a course of lectures delivered at Cambridge in 1879, then revised and delivered again ten years later. The question may naturally be asked, Is it worth while to publish a work which even in its revised form is some twenty years old? Biblical criticism lives hard in these days, and theories age quickly; why drag into light work which is not only fragmentary but old? We can answer for it, however, that the reader will not find this work old, and will only grieve that it is fragmentary. Fine scholarship is never old, and sound argument is never old; of the scholarship in these notes we can only say that it shows us Dr. Hort at his best; of the introduction, that it puts the case for the early date of the Apocalypse as strongly and as tersely as it can be put; it seems to have almost convinced Dr. Sanday, who contributes an appreciative preface.

"A Critical Examination of the Evidences for the Doctrine of the Virgin Birth." By T. J. Thorburn. London: Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. 1908. 2s. 6d.

We consider this to be on the whole the best book on the subject that we have seen. It is written in a good critical spirit and is singularly free from bias. Dr. Thorburn holds the conservative view as to the Virgin birth of our Lord, but he is far more fair in his representation and treatment of opponents' theories than are some of the liberal writers themselves. He gives their arguments at length and in their own words; if he points out where they are weak he also

(Continued on page 738.)

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acknowledges frankly where they are strong, and he does not attempt to prove too much for his own side, or to support a good case with weak arguments. And how good a case can be made out for the traditional Church view on this subject has perhaps hardly been realised by the numbers of laymen and clergymen who have been alarmed at hearing the Virgin birth dismissed as a "myth, rejected by scientific criticism", and so forth. Dr. Thorburn's collection of the data bearing on the question is full, and his examination of them clear; and all we can wish is that the appendices to his little volume had been longer, and the discussions in them on a scale commensurate with his earlier chapters. We hope his book will have a large sale.

"Centuries of Meditations." By Thomas Traherne. Now first printed from the Author's Manuscript. Edited by B. Dobell. London: Published by the Editor. 1900. 5s. net.

Thomas Traherne was a clergyman who lived about the middle of the seventeenth century; a little later than George Herbert and Bishop Hall, he resembled them as a writer of religious meditations and poems. In the present volume are printed more than four hundred of his short meditations; a fifth "century" was begun, but never finished. They are of great beauty, and will impress the reader not only by their religious fervour, but by the modernness of their thought; the Divine immanence in the world and in the human soul is emphasised in a way that would rejoice the heart of a new theologian; and certainly such an one would learn much from such a book. Only we think the editor rates his author too high when he places his work almost above the "Imitatio". There is an exuberance, a redundancy, sometimes a repetition in Traherne, which contrasts unfavourably with the severe restraint of the "Imitatio"; of the earlier parts of that matchless work it has been rightly said that every sentence has been polished till it sparkles like a jewel; nothing in Traherne will stamp itself on the memory like "opto magis sentire compunctionem quam scire eius definitionem". Still, Mr. Dobell deserves our thanks for publishing these fine meditations; the printing is elegant, but somewhat inaccurate.

For this Week's Books see page 740.



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Notice is hereby given that the **BRITISH COLONIAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION, Limited**, is issuing a Prospectus (dated December 11, 1908) inviting subscriptions at par for 60,000 Shares of £1 each. The whole of the statements below set forth are extracted verbatim from such Prospectus.

The Subscription List will open on **Saturday, the 12th day of December, 1908**, and will close on or before **Wednesday, the 16th day of December, 1908**, for Town, and on or before **Thursday, the 17th day of December, 1908**, for the Country and Continent.

**BRITISH COLONIAL  
PETROLEUM CORPORATION,  
LIMITED.**

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.)

**CAPITAL - - - £200,000**

DIVIDED INTO

**200,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.**

**60,000 Shares of £1 each are now offered for  
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**COL. SIR CHARLES B. EUAN SMITH, K.C.B., C.S.I.**, 51 South Street, Park Lane, London, W., Chairman of the Taquah Exploration and Mining Company, Limited.

**CHARLES HERBERT HARLEY MOSELEY, C.M.G.**, 75 Eltham Road, Lee, Kent, formerly Colonial Secretary of Lagos, Southern Nigeria.

**GEORGE WILLIAM NEVILLE**, 18 Sussex Place, London, N.W., Director of the Bank of British West Africa, Limited.

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Application for Shares should be made upon the Form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded together with a deposit of **2s. 6d.** per Share to the Bankers of the Company.

If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned without deduction; if the number of Shares allotted be less than that applied for, the surplus paid on application will be credited to the amount due on allotment, and the excess (if any) returned.

It is intended in due course to apply to the Committee of the London Stock Exchange for a Settlement in the Company's Shares.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained of the Company's Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, and Auditors, and at the Offices of the Company, Dashwood House, 9 New Broad Street, London, E.C.

Dated 11th day of December, 1908.

LONDON: Dashwood House, 9 New Broad Street, E.C.

*The Full Prospectus, dated 10th December, 1908, has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.*

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will OPEN on SATURDAY, the 12th day of December, 1908, and CLOSE on or before WEDNESDAY, the 16th day of December, for Town and Country.

## GOLD COAST OIL AND BITUMEN CORPORATION (LIMITED).

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.)

**CAPITAL - - - - - £200,000**

Divided into 200,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 94,000 Shares will be set apart for Working Capital and the General Purposes of the Company.

PRESENT ISSUE of 70,000 SHARES of £1 each, which are OFFERED for SUBSCRIPTION at par, payable as follows:—2s. 6d. per Share on Application; 2s. 6d. per Share on Allotment; and the balance in calls of not more than 5s. per Share at intervals of not less than two months. Of the above-mentioned Issue, £40,000 has been underwritten.

### DIRECTORS.

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CHARLES JOHN BAKER, 181 Queen's Gate, S.W., Director  
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HENRY JOHN BROWN, 24 Coleman Street, E.C., Director  
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### AUDITORS.

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### SECRETARY (pro tem.) AND REGISTERED OFFICE.

BERNARD CATLING, A.C.A., 79 Coleman Street, E.C.

### ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire a Concession known as the "Appolonia Oil Concession," situated in the Gold Coast Colony, West Africa, particulars of which are contained in the Full Prospectus.

This Concession is favourably situated, having a sea frontage of about 4 miles, with a total area of approximately 20 square miles, and is within 8 miles of the port of Half Assinie, and 30 miles of the port of Axim. The abundant traces of Oil and other indications, as shown by the reports, point to the existence of Oil in considerable quantities, and its commercial development should prove of the greatest value.

The Directors consider that provision has been made for ample working capital with which to put down the necessary bore holes, and they will obtain the services of suitable technical experts to conduct the drilling operations and generally develop the area. They are assured that they will have the benefit of the experience of others who are conducting similar operations in West Africa, and this should be of great service to this Company, including the saving of both time and expense.

The property was visited and reported upon for the African Mahogany Company (Limited), in January 1895, by Mr. W. S. Haig; for the West African Mahogany, Petroleum, and Gold Company (Limited), in June 1904, by Mr. George Chester Master; and in November 1905 by Mr. John Alexander Grant, and was further reported upon by Mr. Douglas Philip Brown, M.I.M. and M., for the Colonial Oil Syndicate (Limited), in 1906. Copies of or extracts from these Reports and a Map are enclosed, and form part of the Prospectus.

It will be seen from these Reports that six bituminous and oil deposits have been located on the property.

In February 1907 the property was further examined by a well-known oil expert, Mr. von Bukojemski, who reported by cable as follows:—

"APPOLONIA AREA.—The Shows are conclusive; I consider this a fair oil proposition; the formation is favourable; there are oil and gas shows; the oil line is very broad; there is no sand rock, but clay very promising."

In his written report, Mr. Bukojemski further states:—

"I am very enthusiastic about this concession, as I not only found abundant traces of oil, but I saw myself in the Albany River, as well as in the Dominie Lagoon, oil bubbles with gas coming out uninterruptedly. These signs furnish the best proof that the oil must be deposited in the deeper bores, and although the ground is covered with clay stone, the formation is yet so strong that the oil comes out to the surface."

Sir Boverton Redwood has expressed his willingness to act as Consulting Adviser to the Company, and has also conducted chemical analyses of a sample of crude oil obtained from this Company's area. In his Report dated January 24th, 1907, he states as follows:—

"I am led to the most favourable conclusions respecting the value of this property, for the indications of the existence of petroleum in quantity are here, apparently, more definite in respect of the extent of surface outflow than in other localities already selected for exploration or exploitation."

"A specimen of the oil submitted to me for examination was found to have a specific gravity of 0.970 at 60deg. F., and a

flash-point (close test) of 324deg. F. It has evidently lost by evaporation the more volatile constituents which may have originally been present in it; but I find that it yields by distillation 70 per cent. of oil of specific gravity 0.903, remaining quite fluid at 130deg. F., and containing 0.4 per cent. of sulphur."

Chemical analyses of a sample of the crude oil received have been made in this country by Dr. Julius Lewkowitsch, Ph.D., M.A., F.I.C., who, in his Report, dated 6th November, 1906, makes the following statements:—

I beg to certify that I have received from you one drum of Crude Petroleum, and I further beg to certify that I have examined the same.

The crude oil represents a black, extremely viscous mass, which just flows at the ordinary temperature. Its specific gravity is 0.9682.

The analytical examination of the oil leads to the following proximate composition:—

	Per cent.
Water .....	15.60
Ash .....	0.05
Organic impurities, insoluble in petroleum ether .....	1.04
Petroleum hydrocarbons, by difference .....	83.31
	100.00

Under the Concessions Ordinance, 1900, a duty of 5 per cent. on all profits is payable to Government, and by later legislation every assignment must be to a British Company and subject to the assent of the Governor. The Government has also a right of pre-emption on all oil won.

The minimum subscription upon which the Directors may proceed to allotment is 10 per cent. of the shares offered for subscription, but they will not proceed to allotment on less than the 40,000 shares which have been guaranteed by the Petroleum Mining and General Investment Corporation (Limited).

Copies of the Agreements, the Articles of Association, the Reports of Mr. G. C. Master, Mr. W. S. Haig, Mr. J. A. Grant, Mr. D.P. Brown, Sir Boverton Redwood, Dr. Julius Lewkowitsch, and the cable and Report of Mr. V. Bukojemski above referred to may be seen at the Offices of the Solicitors to the Company at any time during business hours before the closing of the subscription list.

Applications for Shares must be made upon the form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded, with a deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share, to the Bankers of the Company.

If the number of Shares allotted be less than that applied for, the surplus paid on application will be credited to the amount due on allotment, and the excess (if any) returned.

The Company will pay a brokerage of 6d. per Share on applications made through Brokers and properly identified.

It is intended in due course to apply to the Committee of the London Stock Exchange for a settlement in the Company's Shares.

Full Prospectus (upon the terms of which alone applications will be received) and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Company's Bankers, Solicitors, and Auditors, and at the Offices of the Company.

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